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Available from 5 p.m., Friday, March 30th, 1900, until midnight, Saturday, April 7th, 1900. For full particulars see page 614.

No. 507.]

TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK RATES.

WEEK ENDING APRIL 7, 1900

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

[ONE PENNY.]

MRS. HIX: "I don't believe in these faith cures brought about by the laying on of hands."
Mrs. Dix: "Well, I do. I cured my little boy of the cigarette habit in that way."

JACK: "A penny for your thoughts."
Nell: "But I dare not tell them to you."
Jack: "Why not?"
Nell: "Because this isn't a leap-year."

FEATHERSTONE: "I wish you would come and help me select some trousers, old man."
Ringway: "I don't believe my taste is any better than yours."
Featherstone (hopefully): "No, but your credit is."

How the Pupil Got to School.

ONE cold icy morning in December, the nonentity of a certain Liverpool school arrived at the door of it ten minutes late. The teacher, who delighted in reprimanding him, demanded an excuse in tones which attracted the attention of all the scholars in the room.

"George, why are you so late again?"
"Why, I thought I should never get here. Every step I took ahead I slipped two steps back; the paths are so slippery."

Confident that he had nicely "caught" his pupil, the teacher remarked as follows:

"By a simple method of computation we have then, that at every effort made by you to proceed forward, your feet slipped upon the pavement and you proceeded in the opposite direction from that you anticipated. How, then, in the name of Euclid, are you here now, since your direction was backward instead of forward?"

Smiling cynically at his pupils, he awaited the answer.

It came.
"I turned round and started for home, sir."
George was excused without further ceremony.

HE (at the piano): "Do you know 'I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls'?"
She: "No; what did you have for supper?"

WALKER: "That's a very short stump of a pipe you are smokin'."
Rhodes: "Yes; I like 'em that way. Yer don't have ter draw the smoke so far."

ONE day when a celebrated barrister was on his way to the Law Courts with his large bag full of briefs, he was accosted by a funny friend, who asked him if he had become a dealer in old clothes.

"No," replied the barrister, "these are all new suits."

General Miles and the Recruit.

THE following anecdote shows the laxity of discipline in the United States Army. In this case the officer objected to the familiarity. In most cases he doesn't.

General Nelson Miles is a hard man to approach, and his official position as the head of the United States Army naturally commands respect from those who come in contact with him.

A day after the General landed in Porto Rico, one of his orderlies was taken ill with fever and had to go to the hospital. A new man was called for, and a private from a Western regiment was detailed to take the place.

The morning after he was appointed, General Miles was holding a consultation at headquarters with some of the big officers of his command. The General called for an orderly to run an important errand, and the gentleman from the West sauntered in, made a pass at his hat with his left hand for a salute, and ejaculated:

"Well, Miles, what is it?"

If the Spaniards had dropped a shell in their midst, it would have hardly surprised the officers more. At first General Miles' face grew black as thunder, and then his scowl changed into a quizzical smile.

"Don't call me Miles; call me, Ne'se. Miles is so formal, you know."

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"We Loves Her the Best."

IN all her gracious loveliness,
She stooped and gave a fond caress
Unto the lad with curls of gold,
Who had been gently kissed and told
This lady was to be a mother
To him and his wee baby brother.

That night, unmindful of the bride,
He stole unto his father's side.
Upon his knee he climbed and said,
With tearful eyes and low-bent head,
"Our new mamma is sweet and kind
And good, but if you wouldn't mind,

"Dear papa, me and little brother
Would rather have our other mother—
The one who went away one day—
Nurse says 'twas just a year last May
(A sigh escaped the tiny breast),
'Coz, papa, we loves her the best."

Cranky Clothes.

A GARMENT of ordinary workmanship pleases the ordinary being. An overcoat worn by a man of leisure is remarkable in more senses than one, but its chief characteristic resides in its lining, which is made up of thirty different materials, and arranged in a sort of elaborate patchwork. There is a square piece of heavily-embroidered white satin, supposed to have belonged to Queen Anne; another patch is a fragment of the skin of the rare black sea otter; heavy velvet as worn in the time of Elizabeth forms a third portion; and so on—the lining being a veritable page of history. The lining is so fixed to the coat that when the wearer desires a fresh garment he can lift the valuable contrivance completely out using it time and again. Some idea of its value may be gained when it is reported that recently £200 was offered for it and refused.

Very devoted must be the son who always carries his mother's portrait on his person. A tailor's cutter, using the inner section of his coat as a foundation, has worked in silk an admirable face and shoulders, said by all who knew the deceased lady to be a striking likeness. The workmanship is so fine that many believe the design to be woven in.

Exceptionally elaborate is the waistcoat whose entire surface is painted over with football emblems. These are the work of a first-rate artist, and no little amount of gold leaf has been employed. Every club of importance is represented, and in some cases the captain's portrait appears.

A garment absolutely woven of human hair is something of a novelty. Of ample proportions is an under vest manufactured from the hair of the wife and five daughters of a well-known sportsman, and worn by him almost daily.

NELLIE: "Charlie says I grow more beautiful every time he sees me."

Maude: "If that's the case you ought to have him call twice a day."

MISTRESS (to new nursery maid, whom she finds deeply absorbed in a penny novelette): "Why, Maggie, you can't read and mind the baby at the same time."

Nurse: "Yes, I can, mum. The child doesn't disturb me a bit."

MR. COOLLY, walking in the park one beautiful afternoon, meets Mrs. Shyly wheeling her child in a mail-cart.

Mr. Coolly: "Ah, giving the son an airing, or giving the heir a sunning?"

Mrs. Shyly (meekly): "Neither; it's a girl."

"WHY did you place such a tough fowl before me?" asked the indignant lady patron, of a waiter in a restaurant.

"Age before beauty, always, you know, madam," was the gallant reply.

And then, woman-like, she smiled, and paid her bill without a murmur.

DOCTOR: "Stick out your tongue, Tommy."
Tommy: "Not me. I did that yesterday to my teacher, and I still ache all over for it."

"My wife always consults me about every article of attire she buys—frocks, hats, shoes, gloves, everything."

"My wife does too—that is, she asks me for the money."

MRS. SOMERS: "What delicately constructed things these big steamships are!"

Mr. Somers: "Why do you say that?"

Mrs. Somers: "Just think of the breaking of a screw disabling the whole ship."

The Unexpected Happens.

A YOUNG lady organist in a church in one of our towns was somewhat captivated with the young curate of a church in the next street, and was delighted to hear one week that, by an exchange, he was to preach the next Sunday in her own church.

The organ was pumped by an obstreperous old sexton, who would often stop when he thought the organ voluntary had lasted long enough.

This day the organist was anxious that all should go well: and as the service was about to begin, she wrote a note intended solely for the sexton's eye. He took it, and, in spite of her agonised beckonings, carried it straight to the preacher. What was that gentleman's astonishment when he read:

"Oblige me this morning by blowing away till I give you a signal to stop.—MISS ALLEN."

TOMMY: "I say, Jimmie, wot is classical music?"
Jimmie: "It's the kind you can't understand unless you wear long hair."

"THIS is a great blot, upon my life!" exclaimed the professor, looking aghast at the havoc wrought by the upsetting of an inkstand on the manuscript that lay before him. "But it isn't half as bad," he added, with a chuckle, "as if I had left out that comma after 'blot.'"

Cellar-Grate Thieves.

THE cellar-grate thief is usually of the tender sex; and generally she is on friendly terms with her victims being often a resident in the same street. In the poor localities of many large manufacturing towns, it is customary for man and wife to set out to factory or mill early in the morning, locking doors, and leaving the children in bed till breakfast time. Between the hours of five and seven, especially in winter, is the reign of the cellar thief. She is a woman, perhaps, who takes in sewing or washing, and therefore often at home when the street is deserted.

Cottagers seldom fasten their grates, so it is the easiest thing in the world to raise them and slide into the underground apartments, there to levy tax on the eatables in the pantry, and odd articles of clothing, to be found in the house. Two cellar-grate thieves were recently sent to prison for petty robberies of this sort.

The manner in which one suffered capture is amusing. Having delayed her exploration of the house, the owners, returning to breakfast, caught her while vainly struggling to extricate herself with a bundle of wearing apparel which refused to pass the somewhat narrow aperture. She was perfectly wedged, and so formed easy prey.

A certain unsavoury street in the neighbourhood of Leeds was extensively robbed by a cellar-grate vixen, whose excuse for staying at home was ill-health. Not a single house escaped, and the morning visitant grew so bold that she pressed Sundays into service, taking advantage of the late slumberers.

Nobody would relish being deprived of their Christmas dinner, but this was the fate of a poor labourer who had won a fine bird in a goose club. A neighbour entered by the cellar-grate and carried off the prize before the dawn of the festive day. Nor was the culprit discovered until three weeks afterwards.

The Twentieth Century Begins on January 1st, 1901, and Potchefstroom is the Capital of the Transvaal.

IF ITS IN P.W. ITS SO.

A Woman's Jealousy.

By FRED. G. ENGELBACH.

"WHAT is it now, Mary?" I exclaimed impatiently, looking up from my microscope.

"Please, sir, there's a gentleman in the consulting-room, and he wants to see you," said the girl. "He's a real gentleman," she added, for the word had become hackneyed by indiscriminate application to farmers, labourers, travellers, and such like.

It was bound, I thought, to be the representative of some wily firm, and I reluctantly tore myself away from my work. As I entered my consulting-room my visitor rose and held out his hand. His air of breeding and his dress were strangely at variance with the untidy room in which he stood, and I was young enough to feel acutely conscious of my breeches and gaiters. He allowed me to sit down without making any remark, and as he seemed at a loss how to open the conversation I began by asking:

"May I ask, what is the symptom from which you are suffering?"

Without paying any heed to the question he replied: "Do you know, Doctor, I had half a mind to consult your neighbour the lawyer, but chose instead to call on you, thinking the intricacies of the human mind might be more familiar to you than to him."

Fool, dolt that I was! My heart throbbed at the prospect of an interview which promised some mystery more attractive to me than chronic bronchitis, and gouty eczema. Suppressing all signs of interest I waited eagerly for the story.

"Do you believe in a person suffering from monomania?"

"Certainly," I replied, "we are all more or less victims to a mania of one sort and another."

"Do you believe there is any cure for a person who has a fixed monomania?" he asked eagerly, leaning forward and narrowly watching my face. Even now, as I think over the scene I feel hot with shame at the complacent smug way in which I then laid down the law to this suffering man, but at that time I felt in my element.

"No, certainly not, there is no cure if it is of any standing; aren't you well?" I asked, seeing his face grow pale.

"Yes, Doctor, I'm well enough—would to Heaven I were not. Listen, and I'll tell you my miserable story."

"Ten years ago, I married a woman my equal in birth and wealth, one of the beauties of her year. Marriage for me, whilst loving and admiring my wife far better than most men, was but an incident in my life, and I looked forward to pursuing my old habits as before, of which politics and hunting were among the chief. Unfortunately to my wife, her marriage was a far more serious event. Whilst loving me before our marriage, she seemed to almost worship me after that ceremony. At first I enjoyed the luxury of being really cared for—but gradually a change has come over us both. My wife has developed during these past ten years an almost mad jealousy. She exercises a ceaseless surveillance over my movements which I am unable to resent. If I go out shooting, she comes too; if I take my dogs out for a walk or go hunting she comes too; in fact, I am never left alone. We have two children who are aged nine and seven, and even these little innocents are pressed into their mother's service. If from any cause she cannot accompany me, one of my little ones on some specious excuse is sent with me. The country-side cites us as models—my servants respect and love us both, and yet, Doctor, I feel the life I am leading is driving me mad. After all we are all savages at heart, and I tell you there are times when I could take my wife by the throat and—and yet I would lay my life down for her. Can you believe me?"

"My dear fellow, I quite understand your case; but come now, has not your wife got cause for this jealousy?" I quietly remarked.

"Not the least atom of excuse. I am not any better than my fellows, but since I have been married I have not passed one hour in a way I should be ashamed for her to know. Have you ever heard of similar cases? If so, for Heaven's sake advise me."

He stopped, seemingly choked by his emotion, and hurriedly walked over to the window, and gripped the back of the chair as if for support. Even now I might have refrained from advice, but no, my infernal vanity impelled me to interfere in what did not concern me.

"There is only one course open to you," he still looked out of the window, "and that is separation."

"Never!" he cried, wheeling round sharply. "Never! Surely she ought to see argument!"

"My dear sir, if you proved to her that she was wrong in black and white, it would make no difference. These cases of extreme jealousy in women are dreadful ones to deal with; they know they are in the wrong, they admit the ruin they are causing, and yet they are unable to lay their perverted feelings aside. To gratify their feelings they will even rather go right away, admitting their inability to live close by the object of their jealousy without watching them. Take my advice, separate."

"I tell you I cannot; I bear a name which for three hundred years has been handed down stainless from father to son. Were I to follow your advice, the papers would contain full and true versions of the case, and my children would receive from me their old name sullied as only the society papers can sully an old name. Rather than that, I will go back to my slavery, and hope and pray for the best. In any case I thank you; you are the only human being who knows my secret and we are not likely to meet again. You have helped me at all events to the certainty of the future, and for that I am grateful."

Suddenly he drew back from the window, and turning to me said:

"Look—look—do you see that tall lady coming up the

street? That is my wife, come to see where I am. We had to change at this junction and I got away for the hour we had to wait by an excuse and took refuge with you. Pitiful, isn't it?"

The gay insouciance with which I had plunged into the case was a good deal lessened by this sad scene. The sight of this brave man's distress, and my perfect belief in his truth, made me bitterly regret I had not been out when he called, when perhaps my neighbour might have been harassed instead of me. Hastily grasping my hand, the stranger pressed a ring into my palm and said:

"Good-bye, doctor you have been too kind to me for me to offer you a fee. Will you wear that for a stranger's sake?"

In a moment he had left the room, and a few seconds later the house, leaving me looking stupidly at the window. I saw him walk down the street and meet his wife, who gazed at him in an inquiring way, and then taking his arm they disappeared, she gaily talking.

On examining the ring, I found to my delight that it was a handsome diamond in a claw setting, and I slipped it on my finger with a feeling of pride that, young as I was, I should have been able to discover the hidden skeleton in the home of the mysterious stranger, and to be able to give him advice.

Little did I think that that ring in less than two years would be the badge to me of a mental slavery that I should never throw off.

During the following year I saw nothing of my strange visitor, indeed his story had almost passed from my mind. I was on the eve of my holiday and had handed over the keys and the patients to my locum-tenens with whom I was having a quiet pipe. Then the post came in; with a laugh I handed over a bundle of letters to him, the scrawled letters of which plainly told that their business was "medical," and broke open one from an old chum who had recently bought a practice near Taunton.

It ran thus:

MY DEAR TED,—Your letter telling about your holiday came yesterday. Will you spare three days of it to me, as I am in sore straits? I cannot leave here this year, still less put in an ordinary locum, and my father in Ireland is very ill. If you could come, I could leave happily, and see the dear old Dad, at all events before he died—you know he has renal disease.

In haste, yours,
SEATON KING.

To this there was but one reply. Fortunately the telegraph office was not shut, and I sent a wire off at once announcing that I should come down by the night mail. In a few minutes my bags were in a fly, and I was hurrying to the station to catch the up train to town.

By a stroke of luck I managed to make connection with the night mail from Paddington, and soon was fairly on my way.

In those days, which seem so short a time ago, fatigue never troubled me, the loss of a night's rest was hardly felt, such was my energy and my strength, so that when I reached Taunton at 2 a.m. with a ten-mile drive before me, I was quite fresh, and was prepared to enjoy the drive.

How well I remember that morning—a silence hung over everything, broken now and then by the crow of a belated cock, and the whirr of the wild duck from a lake close by. The air was heavy with the perfume of the hedge flowers, which grew with a luxuriance unknown in my rougher district. The mare dashed along, making nothing of the light dog-cart behind her, and in less than an hour we had arrived at our destination. Dismissing the servant, after the supper was cleared away, I threw open the window and lit my pipe. A note addressed to me caught my eye and I read:

MY DEAR TED,—You are a brick! Perhaps I shall be able to do the same for you one day. I inclose the patients' list; most of them are chronics and can best be treated by our old formula—you remember—A. D. T.—Any Darned Thing.

Unfortunately I have left two very serious cases behind, namely Lord and Lady Ashton. The husband is the worst case, and is in bed, whilst his wife ought to be. They are both suffering from chronic abdominal mischief and acute malaise. I confess I'm puzzled and so is our leading consultant in Taunton. No doubt you will understand the case as soon as you see them, which do to-morrow morning.

Yours
SEATON KING.

I could not help feeling a hope that I might be able to elucidate the case which Seaton, one of the smartest diagnosticians I have ever met, confessed puzzled him, and sat down, and, until breakfast time, read and re-read all the authorities on abdominal diseases. A heavy morning at the surgery detained me until past eleven, and when the groom drove up I was glad enough to go. Ashton Park was a fit residence for a squire or nobleman, and I fell in love with it at sight.

Built in Elizabethan times, even its many gabled roof was almost overgrown with closely cropped ivy. Reverend care had been bestowed for generations on the house, which, standing as it did with a far-stretching expanse of grass in the front, and a deep setting of tall elms at the sides and back, made a picture on that bright summer's morning impossible to forget.

As I drove up the drive an elderly butler with anxiety written legibly enough on his face came to the door, and as I got out of the carriage, preceded me into the hall. Relieving me of my hat and coat he placed me in charge of a tall lackey who led the way upstairs. The house was a veritable museum; drawings, priceless, as I could see, of Turner and other famous masters, lined the walls, and it was with regret I felt bound to ignore the beauties thus lavishly displayed. On arriving at the top of the grand staircase a hospital nurse met us, and we entered a large dimly-lighted room.

As I grew familiar with the light a striking picture presented itself; on the bed was my unknown visitor, and leaning half-sitting on the bed was the wreck of a lovely woman. Young as I was, I had tact enough not to mention in any way my previous acquaintance with Lord Ashton, and the sick man eloquently though silently thanked me when he grasped my hand.

I most carefully examined him and could come to no

satisfactory solution of the case. All the symptoms were those of irritant poisoning, and yet his wife, who alone I knew could desire to in any way harm him, was equally ill. Lost in thought I sat by the bedside, my mind a prey to many varying theories. At last I rose, and Lady Ashton dragged herself after me, and sank down on to a settee in the corridor.

"What do you think of him?" she asked fixing her great luminous black eyes on my face.

"I think, Lady Ashton, he is desperately ill, and I also know that you ought to be in bed. Don't you think we ought to have some famous expert from town to decide on the origin of this mysterious disease?"

"My dear Doctor, your friend spoke so highly of your brilliancy as a physician that we are content to await your verdict. My husband and I, although of noble families, are almost alone in the world, and we can do things which others might call imprudent."

What could a poor young fool do but be flattered to the top of his bent? I dismissed all sinister ideas from my mind, and after taking, almost carrying, her back to the bedroom, I went slowly and thoughtfully down the stairs.

I was at once the centre of an anxious crowd of domestics, male and female, whose faces showed their love for their master, and their deep anxiety for both master and mistress. The old butler took me into a small morning room where a cosy lunch was spread for one, and asked me what I would drink. I was feeling rather disconsolate with my failure at diagnosis, and asked for some champagne. Whilst the butler left to get the wine, I picked up a copy of a magazine and began to read it in the old bachelor fashion with the paper propped against a decanter.

I had nearly finished my lunch before I arrived at the last tale, which was an Indian murder story. The hero suffered from almost the same symptoms as Lord Ashton, and with a hand shaking with my intense eagerness I turned to the last page, and in a flash the whole of the mystery was explained. In the story the cook of the Indian gentleman placed in the food prepared by him for his master, tiny shreds of the glassy outer covering of the bamboo—so finely cut as to be practically invisible. These tiny fragments I knew, would cause death in from three weeks to a month with symptoms of acute intestinal mischief.

Lord Ashton's symptoms were of three weeks' duration; I turned to the date on the magazine and found that it was over three weeks old. Good Heavens! who could be the assassin—Lady Ashton? She was ill herself with the same symptoms. Why would she not go to bed? The answer at once flashed over my mind: because she was poisoning her husband to prevent (in her mad infatuation) any possibility of her losing his love, and was inflicting on herself every pang and anguish that he suffered as a punishment to herself and to deceive the doctors.

I knew too well what strange things women will do sometimes under the influence of jealousy to be surprised at this dastardly deed. Had I not once under my care a woman who tried to drown herself and her child because she dreaded losing its love with no reason whatever.

On the way home I wondered what I should do, and even then I could have saved myself the load of responsibility I now carry, if only I had wired to another older man and told him all.

No, my desire was to finish the case myself and I rehearsed in my mind the speech I would make to the wife, and how I would save them both and be the *deus ex machina*, in their lives.

The morning came and with it my morning visit to the Park.

Once in Lady Ashton's presence—weak, brainless fool that I was!—my resolution wavered, and all my speeches went by the board. That morning I decided to interfere in the afternoon; that afternoon became next day, and Lord Ashton grew worse. I reviled my folly, and decided finally to end it on the morning of the third day. Whether Lady Ashton suspected I knew, or whether she was afraid I might in some way learn, I do not know, but she never left me a moment. Great drops of sweat stood on her forehead with the mighty effort she was making to keep up erect, and I shirked yet once more.

Heaven knows I was miserable enough that last day of my visit, and once more decided to put an end to this ghastly tragedy.

Full of anxiety I did not pay sufficient attention to the mare I was driving that afternoon, for on passing over a railway cutting she was startled by the whizz of a passing train, and made a vigorous effort to run away. Fortunately I was able to check her, and still going dangerously fast, we turned a corner between two high stone walls. The reverberation completed what the train had begun and with a twitch that nearly took the reins out of my hand, the mare, head down, broke into a wild gallop.

On we sped between the narrow hedges at racing pace. The carriage rocked and swayed, and with set teeth and pale faces we both hung on to the reins. Suddenly, snap! went the off rein close to the bit, and I knew all was over. We sat still waiting for the end which soon came. Shying desperately at an old man waving his stick, the mare rushed into the hedge, there was a crash, a grinding noise, a series of bumps, a vivid flash of light before my eyes, and I became unconscious.

As I gradually became aware of objects, I noticed Ned's familiar face bending over me.

"Thank Heaven, old man, you're better. Don't talk, all's very well. Your patients are quite satisfied, and the locum writes to me every day. Poor Henry, the groom broke his leg, and you got a damaged head, but you're getting better now."

"How long have I been bad?" I whispered.

"About a month."

"There's something I am trying to remember. Ah, I have it. How is Lord Ashton?"

"Ah—and case—he died two days after your accident, and his wife a week later. Will you have some soup, or eggs, eh?"

Mr. Barry Pain, perhaps the wittiest living writer, is contributing a screamingly funny series of articles to PEARSON'S MAGAZINE. Read "The Poem" in the April number—you will laugh for a week.

FROM BOAT-RACE TO BATTLEFIELD.

ROWING "BLUES" AT THE FRONT.

It is to be feared that if the United States of America, Great Britain's greatest rival in the world of athletics, were to throw down the gauntlet at the present moment, and challenge us to mortal combat on the cinder-path, it would be found that the pick of our runners and jumpers were fighting a far sterner battle out in South Africa.

C. B. Fry, W. J. Sturgess, and a host of others, no less well known, are fighting the Boers.

And the rowing world has given up some of her giants as well.

Mr. W. A. L. Fletcher, who last year coached the Oxford crew, and was himself in the Oxford boat from 1888-91, a winner twice and a loser twice, has been unable to give his valuable services to his old University, preferring rather to show the Boers that he is as excellent a shot as he is an oar.

Another well-known Oxonian, Mr. G. O. Bourne, who rowed against Cambridge, in 1882, is now a militia colonel, while Mr. W. H. Chapman, bow of the victorious Cambridge Eight last year, is also in the militia.

Not to be outdone, Mr. W. B. Rennie, late of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, who, like Mr. Chapman, rowed bow for his 'Varsity the year before last, is in the Yeomanry, and has already seen a considerable amount of active service under Lord Roberts.

Two more Cambridge strokes in South Africa are Mr. W. J. Fernie, who rowed in 1896-7—having the misfortune to be beaten by about three feet in one of the grandest races ever rowed in, his last year—and Mr. Wauchope. Mr. Fernie is in the Cyclist Corps, Mr. Wauchope in the Yeomanry.

Although the Hon. Rupert Guinness never got his "Blue," being interdicted by the doctors from rowing in the Cambridge Eight two years ago, he has achieved fame as winner of the coveted Diamond Sculls at Henley Regatta in 1896-1897, as well as being acknowledged one of the finest amateur scullers that ever lived.

The Hon. Rupert has now a paymaster's command on board the hospital ship that was so munificently fitted out by his father, Lord Iveagh. Trinity College, Cambridge, sheltered the winner of the Diamonds while at the University. His brother, the Hon. Ernest Guinness, is in the C.I.V., and also won for himself a reputation as a sculler, though he never attained the same degree of excellence.

The Warres are a famous rowing family. The present headmaster of Eton College, Dr. Warre, is an old Oxford Blue, and his son was to have rowed in the Oxford boat this year, but was unfortunately prevented from so doing by sudden illness. Captain Warre, of the King's Royal Rifles, also a son of Dr. Warre and a very good oarsman, was wounded in the foot at Spion Kop, though he has since then been reported as fit once more for duty.

Of course this list does not by any means exhaust the number of oarsmen who have thrown aside the handle of ash and the thwart of cedar for the sword and the saddle.

Who knows? Perhaps we shall read of the Modder Royal Regatta, in which the prizes—among them the keys of Pretoria—will be distributed by ex-President Oom Paul Kruger.

And we may be quite sure that the Light v. Dark Blue oarsmen at the front will row to a finish.

And while on the subject of the Boat Race, there is one item of interest, in connection with an old Cambridge Blue, who rowed many, many years ago, that may come as a surprise to some of his colleagues and to the rowing world in general.

The time-keeper at one of the halting-stations of the London General Omnibus Company's vehicles, once rowed in the Cambridge Eight.

London is a big place, and the L.G.O.C. is a huge company, so that we think the old gentleman will be pretty safe still in his retirement, while the chances are ten to one against any Londoner, who may chance to read this article, running up against the 'Varsity oarsman who has thus lapsed into obscurity.

Readers of P.W.

will find it to their interest to get weekly a copy of our religious magazine THE SUNDAY READER, published from this office. It has just commenced a series of exposures of company swindles by which even people who are well versed in business are often defrauded.

On the cover each week will appear a cleverly-conceived cartoon, which we promise will recur to the memory of readers whenever they are tempted to listen to the voice of the deceiver.

The editor will be grateful to intending subscribers if they will inform him in case of difficulty in obtaining THE SUNDAY READER. On receipt of stamps, 1½d., it will be sent post free direct from this office on application.

The Cardinal and the Casuist.

THE casuist, who was dining with the cardinal, was famous for beginning every sentence with the phrase, "I make a distinction," and his host, wishing to "draw" him for the general entertainment, asked him, as the soup was served:

"Pray, father, can you tell us if it is ever lawful to baptise in soup?"

"I make a distinction, your eminence," replied the casuist; "with ordinary soup it is by no means lawful to perform baptism, but your eminence's soup is perfectly suitable, as it differs in no way from water."

Do You Know This?

You should never carry chlorate of potash lozenges in the same pocket with matches, for you run the risk of experiencing an unpleasant "flare up," caused by the meeting, and consequent ignition, of the chlorate and phosphorus.

Neither should you carry oxide of silver pills loosely in your pocket, for they might burn a hole in it.

Ladies, too, should see that their favourite nerve tonic, chloral hydrate and sal volatile, is not left tightly corked for too long a period, for the compound has a knack of exploding, but doing no further damage beyond shattering the bottle.

The same remark also applies to the compound of tincture of iron and dilute aqua regia.

Hard Work Riding.

LORD ELGIN, the late Viceroy of India, was a remarkably poor horseman.

At Simla, one day, he was taking horseback exercise along the local Rotten Row. One of the pillars of Indian State wanted to discuss a matter of imperial importance with him, and sent an aide-de-camp to ask him if he might join his excellency in his ride.

The aide-de-camp cantered up and said:

"Your Excellency!"

No answer was vouchsafed.

A little nonplussed, the envoy tried again, with no better result. In desperation he returned to the attack with:

"Your Excellency! Mr. So-and-So requests——"

"Good Heavens, sir," cried Lord Elgin, turning upon him furiously, "can't you see I'm riding?"

Wealthy Beggars.

THE wealthiest known living professional beggar, Simon Oppasich, an Austrian, was born without feet or hands, and sympathy for his infirmities brought him a large fortune in the shape of alms. In 1880, when he was 47 years old, he had saved £12,000, and in 1888 he had increased his fortune by speculation to £25,000 in cash, and about £40,000 in Trieste and Parenzo estates. Since then he has quadrupled his wealth by speculation on the Bourse.

When Tori, a well-known Italian beggar, died last year, bank books, securities, gold and silver and other articles, to the value of upward of £80,000, were found in his rooms. His heirs were two nephews, who had been existing in a miserable state of poverty for years.

A beggar, who died in Auxerre, France, in 1895, was found to have bonds to the value of 1,000,000 francs in an old trunk, and 400 bottles of wine of the vintage of 1790.

The French seem to be a generous nation, for, in the same year, an old woman, who lived in a wretched garret in the Rue de Sèvres, Paris, died, leaving Government securities representing an annual income of £21, all made by begging.

A beggar, named Gustave Marcelin, of Avignon, died in November, 1892, and left £20,000 in French Government bonds, to be divided equally between the city and the Bureau de Bienfaisance, the great French charity society.

HE (at the club reception): "Are you a member of this club?"

She: "No; only married people belong."

He: "Then suppose we organise a trust for the purpose of making each other eligible."

"This is George the Fourth," said an exhibitor of waxworks for the million, at a penny each, pointing to a very slim figure with a theatrical crown on his head.

"I thought he was a very stout man," observed a spectator.

"Very likely," replied the man, shortly, not approving of the comment of his visitor; "but if you'd a been here without wittles half so long as he has, you'd a been just as thin."

SOMETHING YOU DIDN'T KNOW.

CAPTIVE balloons are now being used in building operations; they are employed to raise and support scaffold poles and ladders until these latter are secured in position.

A CHILD'S cradle has just been invented which, in addition to an automatic rocking motor, has a revolving canopy placed over the top of the cradle, serving the double purpose of a fly brusher and a governor for the motor.

It is something both new and strange to find two such go-ahead nations as Britain and America taking fourteen years to complete an arrangement of mutual utility. Yet it has taken this time to establish the parcel post system between them, the arrangements for its introduction having only just been concluded.

A MACHINE has just been invented for pasting labels on tin cans at the rate of 10,000 an hour. The cans are set rolling along the machine, and each picks up a label as it passes a particular spot. The same inventor is completing a machine that will count post-cards and bind them in packages at the rate of 50,000 an hour.

A GERMAN has invented a clock that will go for 400 days with one winding; it is now on show in this country, and the inventor claims that such clocks can be made for retail sale at £6 each. The clock can be wound up every New Year's day, or similar festival and the odd thirty-five days can be disregarded if the owner is afraid of allowing the clock to run down.

THE usual destination of the tendons in the hind legs of animals is the glue factory, but a Dutch inventor is now turning them into whalebone. The dried tendons are tanned in chromate of aluminium and salt, pressed between hot plates, and cut into strips or left whole according to the width desired. He claims that this substance has several advantages over the genuine article.

THE "Limpet" Umbrella Stand is as compact and handy an article of its kind as yet placed on the market. It can be fixed in any nook or corner without the slightest trouble, and the umbrella or stick is held firmly in its place by an ingenious clip, which, it is claimed, never wears out, and is always in position. The retail price is 10½d., and Messrs. H. Terry and Son, Novelty Works, Redditch are the manufacturers.

THE patent "Simplex" jar clip will be appreciated by housewives, for it will spare them the tedious work of tying on the jam cover every time the jar has been used at table. It is a simple ring which will fit round the top of the jar just where the string is usually tied; it can be opened by simply compressing the fingers, and when in position, all that has to be done is to release one's hold and the ring automatically clips the jam cover and keeps it tight. It is made in two sizes, for 1lb. and 2lb., and the price is 3d. each in boxes of one dozen.

THE Folding Plate Rack placed on the market by the Patent Folding Hammock Co., of Hinckley Street, Birmingham, will be a boon to housewives, and will undoubtedly be rapidly taken up. It resembles a small ladder placed horizontally and supported by folding feet, the plates resting between the "rungs," for the purpose of allowing them to dry after the process of washing up. It is much more convenient than the fixed rack in sculleries, and it saves space, because it can be stowed away when done with. It is sold at 6½d., and is sent, post free, for 8½d.

A NEW method of growing cacti for home decoration as well as for scientific purposes has been introduced in Berlin. Take a large glass bottle, such as those in which some cordials are sold, cover the bottom with about an inch of mould well damped, put some cactus seeds in it and then close up the bottle with a tight-fitting cork and seal it. The bottle must then be exposed in a window where it will have several hours of sunshine, or kept in a room at a temperature of about seventy degrees. The plant will grow and thrive. There is a bottle with a cactus inside it in the Berlin Botanical Gardens which has been sealed up for five years.

ARTISTS as a rule are not very partial to any aids to their art which might be thought by their patrons to be in the least degree mechanical, but one remarkably ingenious invention that has recently been put on the market is of such value to black and white draughtsmen, and to water-colourists, and even to painters in oils, that it has met with a most favourable reception. This is an apparatus known as the "Aerograph," manufactured by the Aerograph Co., of 30 Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. The Aerograph is a little machine for "spraying" colours, in shape not unlike an ordinary fountain pen. The colour or ink is forced out by air pressure supplied by a foot-pump. With wonderful rapidity a beautifully soft, delicate, stipple tint is produced. Soft, light, or dark lines may be drawn by holding the instrument close to the object to be decorated, and tints varying in width and density are produced when the instrument is held at a little distance away. The new spray is particularly useful for tinting vases, jars, and other ware, and has already been adopted for this purpose by nearly all the leading pottery and porcelain manufacturers.

Questions Worth Answering.

Half-a-crown is paid for every Question used, and Replies at the rate of two guineas a column.

REPLIES.

3977. Granted that Britain Fell from Her Supremacy among the Nations, which would be Most Likely to Take Her Place?

Assuming that maritime supremacy is meant, for Great Britain is not supreme as a military power, France would probably take the vacated position. She has long held the second place, and, since the decline of Holland, has been our most formidable rival on the seas. Her foreign possessions and colonies are so extensive and widely spread, and her commerce is so great, that a large navy is necessary for their protection. Her only probable competitors are Germany and the United States. Germany is burdened with so large a military establishment, and its natural resources are so limited, that it is not likely to rise to the first place as a naval power. The United States has ample resources, which tend to increase; but her foreign interests are comparatively small, and do not necessitate a powerful navy. Strong in her natural position, she does not need one for self-defence.

3978. In which Region of the World, within Historical Times, has Natural Selection been Conducted on the Grandest Scale?

In Africa. This holds good in the physical features, in the animal kingdom, and in human development within that continent. In these regions there are great deserts, such as the Sahara, absorbing lesser wastes; gigantic rivers, like the Nile, the Zambesi, and the Congo, gathering subsidiary streams; and enormous geological formations, like the gold "banket" of the Rand, holding masses of mineral matter from many sources. The animal kingdom has retained the elephant, the rhinoceros, the hippopotamus, the giraffe, and the crocodile, by a process of selection which has left such a combination unknown in any other portion of the globe. In human affairs this continent has seen, in the Soudan, the rise and fall of the greatest religious impostor of modern times; and it has had the largest colonial development of any similar area in any part of the world. The greatest colonial war of history is now being waged there, and the progress of one of the most wonderful railways yet planned will probably be hastened by it.

3979. What are the Chief Physical Differences between the United Kingdom and Countries which have been Likened to her?

Japan and New Zealand are frequently compared to Great Britain, and though in their area, their insular situation, and some of their natural characteristics, there exists sufficient similarity to justify the parallel, the differences are, perhaps, even more striking. They both are mountainous countries, with summits beside whose lofty peaks, crowned with perpetual snow, Ben Nevis and Snowdon seem insignificant hills. While in part they have thus a truly Alpine character, with regions of perpetual snow, glaciers, and a flora of an Arctic type, their lower levels have a higher mean temperature than that of Britain, so that their natural productions resemble those of Southern France. In Southern New Zealand snow seldom falls, and in the northern part of that island grapes, oranges, and figs are grown in the open air; while the mean annual temperature of Tokio, Japan, is six degrees higher than that of Guernsey. The rainfall of Japan is three times that of this country. A much closer parallel might, perhaps, be drawn between these rivals of ours in the East and in the South, than between Great Britain and either of them.

3980. What Great Railway has the Most Interesting History?

The history of the London and North-Western Railway, developed under Sir Richard Moon, with its 3,000 engines, 78,000 servants, and an annual revenue of £13,000,000 on a capital of £117,000,000, is highly interesting. It offers a valuable object lesson in the steady growth of a great and thoroughly sound business, and is, perhaps, the finest embodiment of successful railway enterprise in the world. The story which tells how the Canadian-Pacific Railway has come to own nearly 8,000 miles of rail, and to exercise control over nearly 10,000, of which 300 miles are cut through solid rock, is one of extraordinary struggles and difficulties overcome. The general reader will, however, find in the romance and comedy, mingled with stern reality, which tinge the history of the Liverpool and Manchester pioneer railway of 1830, perhaps the most interesting page of all. In a sense above any railway, because it was the germ of all, it is inseparably associated with the story of George Stephenson's career, and its every phase illustrates the dogged persevering efforts which led him through hard trials to final triumph.

3982. Which Explored Region in the World is most Deficient in Geographical Nomenclature?

The whole of Central and Western Australia is singularly poor in geographical names, save where the coastline of the latter is fringed with Portuguese, Dutch, and English names, bestowed by successive generations of explorers. Inland from this fringe, however, as far as the Western boundary of Queensland, and stretching northwards as far as the Gulf of Carpentaria, there are thousands of square miles, all of which is territory now comparatively well known, but almost entirely destitute even of native place-names. Not only so, but such nomenclature as does exist is curiously lacking in sentiment. Many of the names are mere practical descriptions, such as "Soda Springs," "Dry Claypan," and "Boundary Dam." Others, like "Moses Creek," are only called after some humble companion, possibly a black fellow of the earlier pioneers, whilst a large number of important parts and places have no recognised titles at all.

3983. Which is the Most Remarkable Example of an English Institution Flourishing in Our Colonies under Great Disadvantage?

Foxhunting is carried on by Englishmen in nearly all our colonies, in spite of disadvantages of climate, physical formation of the country, sparsity of population, and difficulty in breeding and rearing hounds. In Africa the jackal, as a rule, takes the place of the fox; but the sport is assimilated as much as possible to the English style. In Australia, India, Canada, and South Africa are to be found regular "hunts," with the usual officers and costume. In Ceylon also hunting prevails, the dogs being exported at great cost from England, and maintained there at even greater cost, for, as in India, the climate is unsuitable, and soon the breed deteriorates, needing constant renewal from the mother country. In India stag-hunting is sometimes carried on by the use of cheetahs, instead of imported hounds, but this sport is really indigenous to the country, although its present form is due to the British resident, who has sought to model it as much as possible on the lines of our national pastime.

3986. Which Colony Belonging to a European Power is the best Type of the Mother Country at the Time of the Colony's Birth?

Though French Canada no longer belongs to its mother country, but long ago passed under the British flag, it still reproduces with remarkable fidelity the features of French life in the seventeenth century. The *patois* spoken closely resembles the French language of that period, in accordance with the rule that a separated part of a community preserves old forms of speech which are lost in the more vigorous course of the main stream of the race. These people take best to an agricultural life, and cling fondly to any piece of land they

own. They are thrifty and simple in their habits, and are much under the influence of their priests, who strictly guide their religious observances and regulate their amusements. They are superstitious also, and, though by no means ignorant, may be said to have lingered somewhat behind in the world's steady advance. Lady Aberdeen, who had every opportunity to judge them during her residence as Vicerine, says, in "Through Canada with a Kodak": "the atmosphere of modern France has never reached them, and they are still the same simple Norman and Breton peasants who came out some hundreds of years ago."

3985. When were Ships First Navigated Round the World for Trade Purposes?

Modern history has it that the globe was first circum-navigated by Sir Francis Drake, who returned in November, 1580, from a voyage which lasted two years and ten months, and in which he had sailed through the Straits of Magellan, and round by the Philippine Islands and the Cape of Good Hope. This voyage was not really a trading, but rather a marauding expedition. In 1590, however, a Dutch fleet, sent entirely for trading purposes, did sail round the world, travelling by the Cape of Good Hope, then on to Japan, and home by the Straits of Magellan; and from this time the waterways of the globe were open for commerce to all comers. But we must not suppose that modern-written history is the history of the world. It becomes more apparent every day that a bygone civilization carried on trade to an extent that heretofore has been considered impossible. Among the relics of antiquity in Egypt, Assyria, Mexico, Peru, Siam, Japan, and China, we find proof that these countries were in very early, and even constant, communication with each other.

3987. Which is Probably the Most Valuable Territory that a State is Willing to Sell at a Reasonable Price?

At this moment Portuguese East Africa, and particularly the district lying round Delagoa Bay, is valuable and might be bought; but when the absorption of the Transvaal and Orange Free State in the British Empire becomes an accomplished fact, Portugal may find her market for it greatly depreciated, as the trade of the one-time Republics will then undoubtedly flow in greater measure through the more convenient and healthy ports of Cape Colony and Natal, rather than by Lorenzo Marquez. Besides this Beira will become quite a formidable rival to the Portuguese harbour. If—as has been stated—Spain would be not unwilling to sell the Canary Islands, they would be extremely valuable as a coaling station and sanatorium to any overseas Power having settlements in West Africa, or requiring a naval base available for either the North or South Atlantic. Portions of Spanish Morocco—at present utterly useless to Spain—would similarly be of great value to more than one European nation, as a counter-check to Gibraltar.

3988. Why is it Injurious to Some Plants and Not to Others to be Pruned during their Growing Period?

Much depends upon the degree of severity to which such pruning is carried. If fruit-trees and some deciduous plants are cut back to the hard wood while they are in active growth, the strong upward rush of sap will cause excessive bleeding, a severe check will be given to the season's development, the circulation will be deranged, the sap will suffer in quality, and new shoots formed below the cut will be weak and unhealthy. But if the cut is made in winter, when the sap is almost dormant, new buds will be formed slowly, and, when the growing time commences, they will be full of rich sap, and able to produce strong shoots. Any plant, even in full growth, may be better for moderate pruning. Soft-wooded plants, while in full activity, may be stopped back several times. Two or more new shoots are produced below each cut, and many flowering branches are formed, the plant assuming a shapely form, well furnished with blooms. In evergreens no harm is done by summer pruning, as the rise of their sap is slow.

QUESTIONS.

5011. When were spoons first used?
5012. What was the origin of the Turkish Crescent?
5013. Which was the greatest assembly of persons ever collected in a single covered building?
5014. What does the medical term "a good constitution" mean?
5015. Did the daughter of a peasant ever become the wife of an English King?
5016. Who was the first inventor of the phonograph or talking machine?
5017. Which famous British naval victory resulted partly from the catching of a turbot?
5018. Which is the most valuable root in the world?
5019. Under what circumstances is water in its liquid state found below freezing point?
5020. Is it true that red-haired people enjoy immunity from certain forms of fever?

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive from our readers replies to any of the questions asked here. Each reply must bear the writer's name and address. We shall print the best reply to each question, and shall pay at the rate of two guineas a column for all matter printed. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries, whether his own or not. Envelopes should be marked "Replies" in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Monday of the week following that for which the paper is due. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given where possible. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

MILES: "They say it is good luck to find a pin on the ground with the point toward you."
Giles: "Yes; but it's better luck to find the head toward you when you happen to sit down on one."

Mrs. STUBB: "John, I do believe that friend you brought up to dinner is a gambler."
Mr. Stubb: "Why so, Maria?"
Mrs. Stubb: "Because he shook the pepper-box as if it were a dice-box."

"HANNAH," exclaimed the mistress, "what do you mean by putting all your money into mackintoshes, goloshes, and umbrellas?"
"Wasn't it yer own advice, mum, that I should put away all I could for a rainy day, mum?"

"You have six brothers in the Army, little boy?"
"Yes'm. Ma made 'em go."
"Made her sons go to war? She must be rather a Spartan mother."
"I don't know. I expect so. There's sixteen of us."

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The merry doings of Willowdene Will, the Highwayman, are still enlivening the pages of PEARSON'S. "What Chanced at the Coffin-Makers" is the latest of the "Night Road Romance" stories, appearing in the April number.

ODD THINGS SOLDIERS CARRY INTO BATTLE.

WHIPS, OPIUM, EYE-SHADES, AND FALSE BEARDS!

It is not to be imagined for one moment that the British soldier confines the impedimenta he carries with him into battle to his sixty odd pounds of necessaries in the shape of weapons and accoutrements.

Despite the absence of pockets, the "Absent-minded Beggar" manages to find room on his person for numerous articles of value or ornament.

Most British soldiers are accompanied into battle by some book or books that are cherished for the recollections they call up, quite as much as for their literary value. Photographs, trinkets, amulets, and countless similar articles find a place in Tommy's outfit in the majority of cases, and the British soldier will frequently add to his burden, willingly and cheerfully, to no small extent.

One would hardly imagine that there was any necessity in active warfare for even cavalry soldiers to carry great cart-whips in addition to the numberless and varied articles of impedimenta that must needs be borne into the field of battle. Nevertheless, the Afghan mounted Tommy Atkins deems his whip as essential to success as the carbine and sword which he also carries when bent on warfare. It was an odd sight, in the opinion of the British troops, to see the Afghan warriors, who fought against us in 1879, fighting like demons, with their long whips stuck into their right boots ready for use. But odder still, we imagine, must have been the sight of the fierce soldiers of the Ameer having recourse to the use of their whips as weapons of offence when otherwise disarmed.

But these whips were by no means the only uncommon articles that the Afghans brought into the field against us in '79, for not a few of them were observed to be carrying eye-shades fastened around their necks. Whether these shades were intended for surgical purposes we do not know. The fact remains that a fair proportion of the Afghan dead left on the various fields of battle in our war against the Ameer were supplied with eye-shades that were never made use of.

The loss of tobacco is one that affects the British soldier to no small degree, and thus we cannot, perhaps, express surprise at the intelligence that the well-to-do Chinese soldier is in the habit of carrying a supply of his precious opium with him into battle. In fact we cannot but admire his forethought in thus preparing to deaden, by means of the powerful narcotic, the pain caused by a possible wound.

But we certainly cannot commend the soldiers who are known to carry false beards on to the field of battle. The purpose in view is unmistakable and can be easily explained.

The beard often enough is a venerable looking white one, and the object of the soldier who carries it in his tunic is to be able to transform himself into an elderly man when the necessity for such a metamorphosis arises. Thus, unless his deception is fathomed, a man may be permitted to escape from some tight corner in the guise of an old and perhaps infirm rascal, who is only spared by reason of his grey hair. The Boers have been known to adopt such a ruse in order to effect escape, and also the Turks, and many others, while, if we are to believe a distinguished writer who died recently, Frenchmen have been known to carry chalk with them into battle for the purpose of assisting them to feign death by whitening their faces should the occasion arise.

In some countries it is deemed requisite for every soldier to be accompanied into battle by certain articles that the authorities consider necessary, though the men, perhaps, don't. To give but a single instance, the soldiers of the Kaiser include in their kit a volume of religious instruction, which, we are told, weighs precisely five ounces! The Italian private, again, considers his outfit incomplete if he is not provided with a soft pillow, such articles being for use both at night and in the middle of the day, when it is customary for these warlike warriors to take a siesta.

The Russian soldier, one would imagine, has quite enough to carry in time of war, considering that the weight with which he is burdened would turn the scale at, roughly speaking, just under seventy pounds. Nevertheless, few of the Tsar's troopers are there who do not find room in their knapsacks for some small emblem of their religion. The Russians, moreover, place a superstitious faith in amulets which they generally carry on their persons.

One would think china in the hour and on the field of battle was somewhat out of place, but it is recalled by those who saw anything of the Franco-Prussian campaign that many of the German soldiers engaged took their china pipes with them into battle at Sedan and elsewhere. Splendidly embellished cigar-holders, too, were found on the French dead after the battle referred to was at an end.

As many of our soldiers know, the native tribes of India appear on the battlefield bearing gods of wood and stone, and in the majority of semi-civilised or savage countries the local deities, great and small, are brought on to the field to grace the fight with their presence and, incidentally, to be generally in the way.

Love's Larceny.

As Cupid, on a summer's day,
In idle sport was flitting
From place to place, he chanced to stray
Near where my love was sitting.
"Now here's a time," he said aside,
"To shake my filial duty,
For mother Venus fouds her pride
On far inferior beauty;
"I'll paint a picture, ere I go,
Of these enchanting features,
And thus admiring gods shall know
The loveliest of their creatures!"
From out his quiver then he drew
His palette and his brushes;
Then from a rose-leaf stole the hue
To paint my lady's blushes;
To catch the colour of her eyes
He hesitated whether
To rob the violet, or the skies,
Or blend their tints together.
The problem solved, another vexed
His mind, and set them racking
His feather-brains, for sore perplexed,
He found his canvas lacking.
Impatient to display his art
(His subject well excused it),
The roguish boy purloined my heart
And as a canvas used it!

New York Tram Lines.

THE streets of New York are on the whole badly paved. They consist chiefly of cobble stones. As, however, most of the passenger-carrying traffic is done on trams, this affects only the convenience of the drivers of waggons and carts. So widely used are the car lines that even some of the post-office mail vans are built to run on the same lines as the passenger cars, and the lines are laid right up the very front of the General Post Office.

As may be imagined, a great amount of inconvenience arises when there is a fire in one of the main streets, for the firemen are obliged to lay their hoses over the tram lines, and in this manner the whole of the traffic in this particular street would be blocked but for two alternatives.

One is to raise the hose on high supports so that the cars may run under it, and the other is to construct little bridges above the road level so that the cars run over the hose pipes. Both of these systems are adopted, whichever is the more convenient.

John Bull in Court.

THE following is a good parody on the situation, although we do not admit that the case supposed to be made out has been proved, or that Mr. Bull has been ejected from his first-class Power carriage:

POLICE INTELLIGENCE.

"On New Year's Day, 1900, at the World Wide Street Police Court, John Bull, an elderly gentleman, was charged before Mr. Hardtruths with travelling as a first-class Power with a third-class ticket. Evidence was given by O. P. Kruger, a Dutchman, who, in giving his evidence, remarked that he hated frauds, especially pious ones; he stated that the prisoner Bull had been carrying on the fraud for nearly twenty-five years, and that he had always been reluctant to appear as a witness for the prosecution until he could be absolutely certain of his facts. He (Kruger) had given information to two European inspectors, but they had been loth to take action, and, had it not been for the fact that the prisoner Bull had recently dropped his third-class season ticket when sitting in a first-class carriage, the facts as now stated might never have been discovered. Mr. Hardtruths convicted the prisoner, and thanked Kruger for his kindness in coming forward. Bull was sentenced to a fine of £100,000,000, as he was understood to be rich. The fine was at once paid, and Mr. Hardtruths handed the money over to the English War Office, which, he informed the court, had recently gone in for some greatly-needed alterations and repairs."

PUFFER: "My dear, I wish you would select a box of cigars for me while shopping to-day."
Mrs. Puffer: "Why, I thought you gave up smoking a week ago?"
Puffer: "So I did, and if you select the cigars it will help me to resist temptation."

SMITH: "What's wrong, old man? You look worried."

Jones: "I am. You know I had my life insured last week?"

Smith: "Yes; but what has that got to do with it?"

Jones: "Well, the very next day my wife bought a new cookery book. Possibly it's all right, but it certainly looks suspicious."

"CHAIR-MARKING" A CABBY'S LICENSE.

THE SECRET CODE OF MARKING ADOPTED BY
CAB PROPRIETORS.

P.W. a few days ago interviewed some responsible officials connected with the Cab-drivers' Benevolent and Protection Society to get information of a reliable nature respecting the practice sometimes indulged in by cab proprietors of "chair-marking" the men's licenses, and the prejudicial effect such marking had upon cabbies' career as a Jehu.

To begin, when a man makes application to the authorities at Scotland Yard for a hackney license he is put through his facings by an inspector well up in the topography of London and its environs. The applicant is desired by that authority to take him for an imaginary drive round London, from place to place and from point to point, to obscure and known localities, and the routes as described by cabby must be correct.

Needless to add that on these theoretical and imaginary drives the would-be Jehu must take the inspector by the shortest possible routes, the roundabout ways or merry-go-rounds so dear to the Jehu heart being followed afterwards when the man has obtained his license and is allowed to drive on the streets.

The theoretical examination over and satisfactory, the man then gets his license from the Police Commissioner, on which all personal particulars are published.

Inside the sheet are four parallel columns. In the first is written the cab proprietor's name; in the second his address; in the third the date of the licensee's entering his service; and in the fourth the date of the licensee's quitting it.

Unless these particulars are duly filled in no cabman can get employment, and it is almost as difficult if the license is chair-marked.

This chair-marking consists of certain signs or marks which are known only to cab proprietors, and which, when interpreted, refer to the man's character and general behaviour. The ordinary eye, and in a good many cases perhaps the cabman's eye, can see nothing strange on the face of the license, but, nevertheless, the sign is there. It may be in the big writing, in the curious formation of certain letters, in the colour of the ink, or in the date being written in full instead of in numerals, a blot or a smudge, or in fact anything in the way of a mark or sign which is understood by proprietors. Chair-marking is a code of secret signs.

A driver may be unfortunate on his last day, though for months previously he may have duly paid the cost of the cab, yet he gets chair-marked.

Hardly any proprietor, unless the driver is known or recommended to him, will give employment to a man with a chair-marked license, and as there are always a number of cabbies over and above those actually engaged, his place is quickly filled.

Now under the Metropolitan Carriage Act, if a proprietor erases or defaces a license it is rendered void. Hence comes the chance of cabby to get substantial compensation from the proprietor who chair-marks his paper, for he can, and does, get damages for any loss or inconvenience he may have been put to in the defacing of his license, a new phase of the question which has been brought to light mainly through the efforts of the Society patronised generally by cabdrivers.

A cab-proprietor was fined £5 and costs for chair-marking. The Society prosecuted. The licensee was on what is called a one-horse job, the charge for which was so many shillings a day, but on the last day of service he only made half-a-crown. His license was chair-marked, and he was thereby thrown out of work for three or four weeks.

The magistrate asked the man's late employer to write his name, and on being shown it said it differed widely from the scrawl on the license, adding that he had no right to take away a man's character for a fancied debt.

In that case the chair-mark was the style of writing adopted, understood, and interpreted by other cab proprietors on presentation.

The cab-drivers' wideawake Society has in many instances compelled a proprietor to obtain other licenses, in the place of those defaced, by marking them in that peculiar manner as described, with the result that there are signs of an improvement in that direction, and that the custom hitherto followed so zealously by proprietors is becoming more rare.

The cabby has his dull season, like tradesmen have, his worst time following the close of the London season. At such times the yard charge for a cab is considerably lower than that which is current in the height of the season, the charge at this particular time of the year averaging about 16s. a day, a liability which a man has to discharge before he can get a halfpenny for his own pocket.

In the dull times his daily rental for cab and horse averages from about seven to eleven shillings.

The back of a cab-driver's license is marked with any police-court convictions there may be, and having already been punished by the magistrate for an offence, the driver is further punished very often by the Scotland Yard authorities, who tell the man when he makes application for a renewal of his yearly license to come again, perhaps in a month or two's time—a terrible hardship to the majority of the men.

HOW THE CHINESE WREAK VENGEANCE

IT IS DONE THROUGH A GREAT SOCIETY WHICH HAS BRANCHES EVERYWHERE.

THE children of the Celestial Empire have always been allowed the reputation of subscribing largely to a uniform innocence remarkable for its genuineness. But there are some writers, who affirm to know the Chinese character well, who put down this innocence to a natural subtleness of disposition pervading the whole of the race.

But, innocent or cunning, the Chinese know how to resent a wrong inflicted upon them, but they are patient in their resentment. They are subtle enough to let resentment lie low until a suitable opportunity offers, when they attack, a mode of procedure which stamps them as a race of no impetuous character.

It will come as a surprise to many to hear that among certain sections of the vast Chinese nation, there are numerous societies formed for the purpose of inflicting low-lying resentment, and whose operations are guided by the use of the knife or hatchet.

P.W. in a recent interview learnt that on the coast of San Francisco there are no fewer than 75,000 Chinamen, and every one of them is governed not by the laws of the country they are living in, but by their own society rules.

When a Chinaman has a grudge against anybody, he goes to one of his own fellow-countrymen, a member of one of these societies, and hires him to put the other out of the way by means certainly foul.

If the heathen Chinese has one bad more than another, it is for secret societies.

Those people who know of the existence of these organisations believe that they are more or less benevolent bodies, but in reality the majority of them are formed to

DEFEAT THE ENDS OF JUSTICE.

The grand head, it has just been discovered, is known as the Triad Society, and its location is in China. If any plan is discovered against the reigning house in China you may be sure that it can be traced to the members of the Triad.

The word "Triad" refers to the elements forming the three great works of creation, earth, heaven, and man. Its branches extend to all the Chinese colonies found in most countries, and they are designated mainly by the title Chee Kung Tong, which means the Chamber of High Justice.

In some parts of the world the title is modified and becomes Yee-Hing Oey, or the Society of Righteous brethren.

Their fundamental object is to protect the interests of native countrymen; let that protection be suffused with social deeds or acts of violence, it matters not. Interest means anything from a gift of money to murder.

The members throw out the deceptive bait that their native Triad is the freemasonry of the Chinese people, and that their motive is benevolence, just as it is in British masonry; but a recent discovery rather proves to the contrary.

In a raid which was made not long ago by the police on one of these Tong or societies, books, papers, and rules and regulations were found which

THROW A COMPLETE LIGHT

on the working operations of the organisation.

Here are some of their signs and secret words as discovered. At what appears to be an innocent tea-party the cups and saucers will be so set as to tell a story to each member. By the way a member holds his cup another understands a sign. If you are drinking tea with a lot of Chinamen, and you see some of the company toying with the edge of their cup with thumb and two first fingers you may be sure that the men belong to the Chee Kung.

If, in walking through a crowd, you feel someone pressing against you, and tapping you on the body three times, you can put him down as a member of the Yee Hing. If you perceive a Chinaman walking in the street, and his queue is twisted from left to right, you can write him down as another member.

Members of the Wha Ting Shan Fong, the Wong Fun Kim, Sui On Tong, Tak Kung Tong, and those societies already specified, are all affiliated, according to the papers found as described, to the great parent stock of the entire organisation, namely, the Triad.

In the secret ritual discovered was a long series of words intended to deceive. Killing is called "washing the body," a rifle a "big dog," a revolver a "puppy," and powder and lead "dog-feed."

All this is no fanciful creation of an imaginative mind, but is the result of a timely discovery, as we have said, recently made, which was mainly brought about by the action of the Rev. J. E. Gardner.

This gentleman began a warfare against the sale of Chinese women, and, consequently, made himself so

offensive to the Chinese as to make the local branches of the Triad set the machinery of their War Department going, and vow vengeance on his head.

But he had friends as well as enemies among the Celestials, and the tables were turned. A little tact was displayed by the police, and very soon the man who was told off to inflict resentment on the preacher was arrested, his rooms ransacked, his boxes and drawers turned inside out, the society's headquarters raided, and the whole scheme of the Triad exposed by the capture of incriminating documents.

But perhaps the most interesting discovery was a letter-agreement declaring the man's membership of the Triad, a long worded document and containing many queer phrases, as the following selection shows: One runs, "Always be punctual; work for the good of the State and serve us with all your ability"; "If in the discharge of your duties you are slain, this Tong undertakes to pay one hundred pounds sympathy money to your friends"; "If you are wounded a surgeon will be engaged to heal your wounds, and you shall receive two pounds a month"; "If you have to endure the miseries of imprisonment at any time, this society undertakes to send twenty pounds every year to your family"; "This agreement is made with you on account of sedition from within, and derision and contempt from without, for it is well-known that plans and schemes of government are the work of the

LEARNED HOLDERS OF THE SEAL.

The following terms also occur in the reading of the document: "Chamber of Tranquil Conscientiousness," "Hall of Victorious Union," "Hall of Associated Conquerors," "Hall of Realised Repose," "Flowery Arbour of Mountain Booth," "The Guild for the Protection of Virtue," and so on.

Some philanthropists, who see nothing wrong in the Chinese character at any time, think, perhaps, that it is the very acme of perfection to belong to a native association styled the "Chamber of Far-Reaching Virtue," but this and the other flowery phrases are to be interpreted in the opposite sense.

As a matter of fact—and it is only doing justice to the law-abiding Chinese to say so—these societies harbour the outcasts of the Celestial Empire who, desirous of spitting the fire of their resentment on the heads of peaceful members of society, band themselves together to carry on their nefarious work, even at the price of human blood.

The Refused Refuses.

BROWN was very much in love with pretty Miss Simpson, and had told her so repeatedly, but in vain! She did not reciprocate. Brown's friends knew of the affair, and whenever Brown gave a toast Miss Simpson was made the subject of it. One night, when Brown and his companions were enjoying a little supper among themselves, one of the men said:

"Come, Brown, your usual toast."

"No," came the reply, "since I can't make her Brown I'll toast her no longer."

Poor, But Honest.

THE Archbishop of Canterbury is singular among the roll of English primates for his hatred of pomp, and once when the guest of a country clergyman, he was much annoyed by the display of silver candlesticks in his room. After his lordship's departure those silver candlesticks were nowhere to be seen.

The distressed clergyman at once wrote to the bishop, as he then was, telling him of his loss, and adding:

"Can you tell us what has become of them?"

The reply came by wire: "Poor, but honest; look in the chest of drawers."

MISTRESS: "How did you happen to let the fire go out?"

New Girl: "I'm sure I don't know, ma'am, unless you happened to forget to tell me to put coal on."

HUSBAND: "What's the matter with the bread this morning?"

Wife: "It's the fault of the yeast. It failed to rise."

Husband: "Why don't you use an alarm clock?"

"WHEN you showed him his letter to Irene," said Maud, "in which he said the same things about you as he had said about her, how did he get out of it?"

"How did he get out of it?" echoed Mabel. "He evaporated."

"Evaporated?"

"Yes. He dried up."

"Do you know why I married?" she demanded.

"I always supposed," he answered, "that it was because you wanted to get your name in the society columns of the newspapers, and nothing short of a wedding would do it."

Then, of course, she was so angry that she forgot all the scathing things she had intended to say to him.

MANY HAPPY RETURNS!

Being Something of Interest about Big People whose Birthdays happen this Week.

THE EARL OF STAIR, who celebrates his eighty-first birthday on April 1st, hold a very historic title. Perhaps the most noted of his ancestors was the second earl, who was a general under Marlborough at Oudenarde and Ramillies, commanded the famous Scots Greys, and died a Field Marshal. The name of Stair is derived from a small village in Ayrshire, but the earl now owns no property in that county, his principal estate being in Wigtownshire. There are six titles in the family, the first conferred being a Nova Scotia baronetcy in 1664.

SIR JAMES JOICEY's fifty-fourth birthday, on April 6th, recalls the fact that he is one of those lucky individuals who derive a large income from coal. The Joicey brothers, rising from a humble position, founded a great coal trust in Durham, and all became wealthy. In 1885 Sir James founded a Liberal newspaper, the *Daily Leader*, in Newcastle, and, remaining faithful to Mr. Gladstone on the Home Rule question, he received his reward in 1893 in the shape of a baronetcy. It is said that it cost Sir James £80,000 to found the paper.

One of the most popular of men is undoubtedly SIR ROBERT T. REID, Q.C., M.P., who enters upon his fifty-fifth year on Tuesday. When at Oxford University he battled for two years in the cricket Eleven, and also represented his Varsity for two years at racquets. He used to work a great deal with the late Sir Frank Lockwood, who drew sketches representing himself as "the man who did all the work," and Sir Robert Reid, smoking a pipe and reading a paper, as "the man who got all the credit." The two were made for each other!

Lord Mayors may come and Lord Mayors may go, but MR. W. J. SOULSBY, C.B., whose forty-ninth birthday occurs on Wednesday, apparently goes on for ever! In 1875 he was appointed private secretary to the then Lord Mayor of London and he has served in that capacity to every holder of the position since. He was educated for the Bar, but in a very short time received the appointment he now holds. Mr. Soulsby has received decorations from Japan, Austria, Servia, Greece, and Liberia, besides the Legion of Honour from France.

The Right Hon. SIR ALGERNON WEST, who celebrates his sixty-eighth birthday on April 4th, can boast of a unique circumstance. Writing his reminiscences some time ago, he said, "I ran a race with the great Duke of Wellington from Walmer Church to the Castle." Sir Algernon was then six years old, the Duke was sixty-nine, and Waterloo had been fought twenty-three years before! Many other interesting stories has Sir Algernon told of the early days of the reign. He was private secretary to Mr. Gladstone for many years, and knew every celebrity worth knowing.

Another interesting peerage is that of the twelfth VISCOUNT FAULKLAND, who celebrates his fifty-fifth birthday on April 3rd. The second viscount was a celebrated student and poet, who varied the monotony of his intellectual work by fighting in Holland and Scotland. Though a lover of constitutional liberty, he felt compelled to draw the sword for King Charles in the great Civil War, and he fell with his face to the foe at the Battle of Newbury, September 20th, 1643. The present viscount served for twenty years in the Army, retiring in 1883 as a lieutenant-colonel.

EMILE ZOLA, the great French novelist, who becomes sixty years old on April 2nd, can be said to be the architect of his own fortunes. For the serial rights alone of any story he now receives £1,000, yet at the beginning of his career he was employed as a book-packer, by Messrs Hachette, at fifteen shillings weekly. Zola is a great worker, and each of his novels represents months of study. For the great wash-house scene in *L'Assommoir* the author sat for hours studying the washers and their work. It is curious that the identical wash-house fell recently, and killed several people.

After Mark Twain, the most noted American humourist and novelist is MR. FRANK R. STOCKTON, who completed his sixty-sixth year, also, on the fifth of April. He began to make his living as an engraver and reporter, then became an assistant editor, and shortly afterwards "struck oil" with some short stories for children. Even now, his best reputation is as a short story writer. One of his longer stories, "The Lady and the Tiger," was nearly thrown into the fire after being repeatedly rejected. "Your last chance," murmured Mr. Stockton as he sent it off once more. It was accepted!

Many years ago two young artists were trying to make a living by painting portraits at £2 a piece. One was the late Sir John Millais, and the other was MR. HOLMAN HUNT, who is prepared to receive birthday congratulations on April 2nd. Born in 1827, Mr. Hunt had his first picture in the Academy before he was twenty years old. In 1854 he went to Palestine, and the result was his famous works, "The Scapegoat" and "The Triumph of the Innocents"—the latter of which sold for £3,580. In the Holy Land Mr. Hunt made hundred of sketches for his Scriptural pictures, and he studied the types of faces to be found in Bethlehem for his canvas representing Christ working as a carpenter.

An important paper in the April number of PEARSON'S MAGAZINE, entitled "Russia's Iron Grip on China," gives a full and graphic account of Russia's wonderful enterprise in connecting St. Petersburg with Port Arthur by the longest railway in the world.

OLD PEOPLE WHO ELOPE.

GAY YOUNG SPARKS OF EIGHTY AND FLIGHTY LITTLE
GIRLS OF THREE-SCORE-AND-TEN!

IN the spring-time, if we are to believe Tennyson, a young man's fancy lightly turns on thoughts of love. Judging by experience, we may add to the undoubted truism by an observation in passing to the effect that season has no effect on the little love affairs of flighty but elderly folks.

Perhaps our readers may not be inclined to seriously entertain the idea of really venerable folks going in for such childish freaks as elopements. If such be the case, let the facts given below stand without any criticism or timely moralising on the part of the present writer. They are hard, solid facts, thoroughly authenticated, and there is not the slightest necessity for recourse to the contents of the salt-cellar.

Perhaps the record case of antique elopements in our country is that which concerns a gay young spark of the name of Jackson, who, not so long since, eloped one fine day with a widow named Royle, *etat* forty. Mr. Jackson was himself a widower, and the fact that both the eloping parties had had former experience of conjugal bliss goes a long way to prove that the married state is not quite such a series of horrors as the average joke would have us believe. The gay young couple referred to must be credited with an amount of common sense, and what is equivalent to cunning, which would have astounded the poet Herrick, who affirmed that "No man at one time can be wise and love."

Not only did the lovers on departing from their respective homes act in such a way as to conceal their tracks and render pursuit on the part of the grown-up relatives of either party impossible, but the Lothario actually had the presence of mind to draw out of the bank the monstrous sum of £20 with which to set up housekeeping.

The eloping lovers were subsequently traced to Blackpool—that admirable spot for honeymooning—but thenceforward nothing further was heard of them. The romance of the little episode is not lessened by the fact that the damsel had until shortly before the elopement acted in the capacity of servant to some relatives of her ardent swain.

Of course America takes the cake in this as in most other matters. The State of Michigan boasts of an elopement of centenarians! It appears that a carpenter, aged precisely one hundred, conceived a violent fancy for a blushing wench in the neighbourhood of his residence who gave her age as ninety-eight but was generally reputed to be depriving herself, after the manner of some females, of the respect that is generally paid to a person of less tender years than those which she confessed to.

The passionate proposal of marriage which the lover put forward with all the heat of youth was responded to with the natural coyness one may expect from a girl of the lady's comparative inexperience in such matters. She had only been married thrice, while her lover had attended the nuptials and obsequies of four wives.

The upshot of the matter was that the girl, fearing the opposition that a cruel father (or possibly some other paternal relative) might raise, suggested a daring, romantic, and soul-inspiring elopement to some district where they were both less known, and might be married without clerical or other remonstrance. The suggestion was acted upon, and the upshot of the matter was that these flighty, thoughtless youngsters became one, and threw themselves upon the tender mercies of their more experienced and wealthier—grandchildren.

In the year that the Queen came to the throne two lovers, whose combined ages amounted to less than forty, parted, the boy going to make a fortune in America, and the girl remaining behind in London.

Both had sworn eternal fidelity, but by some odd series of circumstances both discovered an eligible "somebody else" in the course of a few years. Neither of these "somebodies-else" proved entirely satisfactory, and perhaps it was as well that neither lived very long after entering the state of matrimony. We do not mean to suggest that such entry was in any way conducive to the cutting short of their respective careers. We merely state a fact.

Then it was that both the lovers referred to at the outset of this incident realised that life was incomplete without the other, but unfortunately neither remembered the other's address. The consequence was that the years fled by, and the memory of each was cherished by the bereaved other.

The other day—to be precise, in 1898—the lovers, who neither of them was in a position to be able to see their eightieth birthday again, met in Oxford Street at the witching hour of tea-time. We cannot say that each informed the other that he or she, as the case may be, had not changed in the least so far as appearance was concerned, but we can certainly affirm that the male lover invited his old flame into an Aerated Bread shop, there to discuss tea and an elopement that came off a few days later. This romantic mode of being united was suggested by the fear of remonstrance on the part of a maiden niece of the swain and other members of his family, a couple of children with sundry olive branches in particular. We are inclined to believe that the reunion was in every respect a happy one.

Why Hair Does Not Curl.

EACH hair is provided with a gland and a muscle. The size of the gland varies considerably in different individuals, and from any observations appears larger and better developed in the negro race.

Straight hair is always circular in section and is usually thicker than curly hair, which is ribbon-like and fine, the finest human hair being met with in the Bush and Andaman races. These facts have a most important bearing on the subject. In order that the muscle may act as an erector of the hair, it is necessary that the hair must be sufficiently strong to resist the tendency to bend. If the hair is so weak as to bend before the action of the muscle, the leverlike tendency is nullified.

When the hair is fine and ribbon-like, the action of the muscle bends it into a curve, and this is the reason why the hair assumes a curly form.

How Paris Cabmen Fight.

A GENTLEMAN, recently returned from Paris, tells the following story as an illustration of the irresponsibility of the average Frenchman:

"I was riding one afternoon in the Bois de Boulogne," he said, "when I noticed a tremendous disturbance just ahead of my carriage. Two thoroughly angry tourists were standing in the street, rubbing their heads and using language with an ease and force which convinced me at once that they were English."

"Two empty cabs, which had evidently been occupied by the tourists, were standing near by, and the drivers were hurling indistinguishable jargon at each other, to the delectation of a crowd of onlookers. My driver immediately stopped to join in the excitement. With some difficulty, I persuaded him to proceed, and, when we were out of sound of the uproar, I asked him what the trouble was."

"Why, monsieur," he said, "Jaspard ran into Pierre's cab and scraped some of the paint off the wheel. Pierre was naturally very angry, and swore at Jaspard, whereupon Jaspard said: 'If you don't shut up, I'll hit your customer on the head with my whip!' and Pierre retorted: 'If you hit my customer, I'll hit your customer!' Then Jaspard struck Pierre's customer, and Pierre resented the insult by hitting Jaspard's customer. That man Jaspard is always getting into fights."

The Cape Steamer Problem.

THE prize of a silver pencil-case has been awarded to Mr. H. D. Handcock, of 5 Denbigh Street, S.W., whose solution was the first correct one dealt with. The problem, it will be remembered, was as follows:

"Two steamers, A and B, proceed to the Cape from Southampton and back; A goes out at the rate of 12 miles an hour, and comes back at the rate of 8 miles an hour, whilst B goes out and back at a uniform rate of 10 miles an hour. Which steamer gets home first?"

The steamer travelling at the uniform rate of 10 miles an hour all the way will get home first. For, taking the distance from Southampton to the Cape as 6,000 miles, this steamer will accomplish the outward journey in 600 hours, that is, 25 days, and the home journey in the same time, making 50 days for the round trip.

But the vessel which travels out at 12 miles an hour and back at 8 will perform the two halves of the journey in 500 hours and 750 hours respectively, making the total time for the whole journey, out and home, 1,250 hours, or 52 days 2 hours, 2 days 2 hours longer than boat B.

The reader may ask why this result? for he may say that the average rate of progress of the two steamers is the same? Not so, and this is the crux of the problem. For A travels for a longer period of time at 8 miles an hour than at 12 miles an hour, therefore its average rate of speed is less than 10 miles an hour, and the time it takes for the whole journey longer than that taken by B.

"This liver is awful, Maud," said Mr. Newwed.
"I'm very sorry," returned the bride. "I'll tell the cook to speak to the liveryman about it."

AUTHOR: "Now, I want your honest opinion. Tell me what faults you see in my book."
Friend: "Well, for one thing, I think the covers are too far apart."

"It's very kind of you to provide the plumber and his boy with dinner."
"Not at all. It's economical. It costs less to give them dinner than it does to have them walk home and back at my expense to get it. I've employed plumbers before."

WHEN you eat, be careful to leave off hungry, is advice often given at the dinner-table, but seldom received in an obedient spirit.

The caution was repeated not long since to a young man of vigorous appetite.

"Pshaw," said he, "you might as well tell me to wash my face and be careful to leave off dirty."

THE AMBUSH.

A SLOVENLY lot!

Yes, slovenly, shaggy, unkempt, riding in chaotic disorder, without form, to all appearances without command, surely not knit together as one expects to see men who are playing at the terrible game of war.

But look closer!

See how they ride. How easily they sit their wiry ponies, how smoothly, carelessly, they cover the ground. The glance their leader casts, now this way, now that, is surly but keen. Each glance takes in every little particular that lies in that direction, for he has been bred and born in this keen sunlight and rarified air. From childhood he has hunted over this ground, matching his wit against the wit and instinct of the wary beasts that roamed the veld and scrambled up the boulder-strewn sides of the kopjes.

Watch him!

There, he is off his pony, off as silently as a snake slides over a slimy stone in its search for prey. He is on his hands and knees beside his mount, and see! how suddenly his followers stopped, how noiselessly they stand, how eagerly they watch him.

What is he doing there?

About him are rocky ridges rolling off to the horizon. Never has man campaigned over more uneven, rough, irregular ground; not that the heights are great, or the valleys deep; neither precipices nor cañons are here, but boulder-shaped hills, themselves strewn thick with boulders; a harsh ground, the very backbone of this ragged country. And the Boer? He is on his hands and knees, his cheek is pressed close to the ground. He is listening. Now he is up again, and at the quick motion of his hand, every man of his company has slid to earth and grabbed his rifle.

The leader? See! he scuds across the rock-strewn ground at the foot of this kopje, he throws himself down and again his ear is clapped to the earth. This time it is only for an instant. Quick as a flash he is on his feet once more, and by motions more than words, gives his orders. The ponies are off in charge of a few men to take shelter behind yon clump of bushes, the burghers are scattering like a covey of startled partridges. But their faces! There is no sign of fear; a sort of animal eagerness is in every man's looks, a thirst for blood. Now each man is crouched close down behind a boulder. There they wait.

For what do they wait?

See yonder, just round the sweep of the kopje! Lancers? Yes. Scouting? Certainly. Sweeping the country for a sight of a foe, "keeping touch" with an enemy whom they fail to find. The leader believes that he is miles from danger, but he is wrong; nevertheless, he is no fool. Watch the brave fellows; they are scattered wide, yet still well in hand. Splendid riders, too, but how different from the Boers we have been watching. No slouching here, no slackness, yet man and horse do not make up such a unit as does the ungainly force. On they come straight for the ambush. Good Heavens! Is there nothing to warn them of their peril? Does no man hear a whisper? Can no eye among them all catch a glimpse of the glint of sun on a rifle barrel. Will no Boer in his excitement prematurely let off his rifle to bark a fierce alarm upon the silent air?

Hah! See!

The captain has halted his Lancers. What has told him that danger is afoot? He does not know. In animals it is called instinct, in man premonition. He turns to his men and says two words:

"Who volunteers?"

Every man of them all pricks his horse with the spur. The captain beckons to one, and off he goes. Now watch him! How warily he threads his way! Does he crouch? Does he stoop? Not he. Never sat Lancer so bolt upright. Fearlessly he rides. Watch him! He is not contented to sit bolt upright. He rises a tip-toe in his stirrups that he may the better peer ahead of him, to every side of him. What a target he offers! Right well he knows all that. If there be foe in front of him, if each of these boulders shelter behind them an enemy, then let the enemy shoot. He will have saved his comrades, his captain, from surprise, and destruction.

And the Boers?

Their quick ears have noticed that the beat of horses' hoofs upon the hard ground has ceased to pulsate. They glance at each other to ask the meaning. As yet they have not sighted the Lancers, but they have guessed the number of Englishman to a nicety; it is their education, to know that unless they affect a surprise the game is up.

And when round the foot of the hill comes the Lancer, alert and upright, they realised all at a glance. One ragged volley rings out on the still air and they are off! Ha, ha! See how they break for their lives! See the "slim" men that have been outwitted fling themselves upon the backs of their steeds! See how they tear away like a pack of wolves that have been caught far from their dens by swift-coming daylight! Like a flash they are round the next kopje and out of sight.

And the volunteer?

He wipes the blood from his face, and grins as his captain and comrades dash up. No, not severely hit, only a scratch across his forehead. The Boers have failed to score even one victim.

CURIOUS COLONIAL FACTS AND FEATURES.

THERE are six varieties of kangaroos.
GUM-DIGGING is prosperous in Auckland.
AUSTRALIA coins its own gold, but not its silver.
WESTERN AUSTRALIA has thirteen Bank Holidays.
OVER 250 ostriches are kept on a farm near Auckland.
NEW ZEALAND's education is entirely secular and free.

THE life of an Australian native rarely exceeds fifty years.

FRENCH CANADIANS almost entirely use home-grown tobacco.

OF the 3,700 Chinese in New Zealand only twenty-six are females.

ON a nursery at Brisbane Water there are nearly 100,000 exotic trees.

IN 1800 there were 200 horses in Australia; in 1900 there are 2,000,000.

SCANDINAVIANS are numerous in New Zealand, and Germans in South Australia.

THERE are three different railway gauges in Australia, 3ft. 6in., 4ft. 8in., and 5ft. 3in.

THE freightage of wood from Sydney to London is about 6s. per 100 superficial feet.

ONLY three lives were lost in a whole year's wrecks (twenty) off the West Australian coast.

SANDALWOOD, which sometimes feeds a Bushman's fire, is exported to China for idol incense.

THE smallest colonial pension is paid to Matin Whitiki, a Maori, who has 6d. a day for life.

QUEENSLAND has Post-office Savings Banks only, and South Australia has no Government Banks.

REGINA, the headquarters of Canada's North-Western Provinces Mounted Police, is a typical prairie city.

WAGERING on the result of an election in New South Wales is to become liable to a penalty of from £5 to £50.

LIABILITY for service in the New Zealand Militia ranges, in the event of need, from seventeen to fifty-five years.

OF the coal exported in one year from New South Wales to thirty different countries, only 72 tons came to England.

AT Whakarewarewa, New Zealand, there are geysers, hot springs, boiling pools, mud volcanoes, and hot waterfalls.

WESTRALIA is the only Australasian colony that pays neither the members of the Legislative Council nor those of the Legislative Assembly.

THE largest ocean-going vessels can voyage up the River St. Lawrence as far as Montreal, over 1,000 miles from the Atlantic Ocean.

BRITISH COLUMBIA "tooth picks"—each about 3ft. square and 60ft. long—is a name given by Canadian lumbermen to large timber baulks.

TEN years ago New South Wales and Victoria were about equal in population, but the former is now considerably ahead of its sister colony.

THE proportion of divorces to marriages in Australia is very much higher than in other countries, except Denmark, Switzerland and the United States.

THE Australians eat more than double the amount of meat per head of population to that consumed by any other people, except those of the United States.

THE total capacity of the boiling down, chilling, freezing and meat preserving works in New South Wales is estimated at 16,000,000 head of sheep and cattle.

THE principal rivers and streams of Tasmania have been stocked with the fry of English salmon, brown trout, salmon trout, and Loch Leven trout, bred in the colony.

MAIZE is the principal crop grown in Queensland, and also forms one of the most important products of New South Wales, but the climate of the other southern colonies is not suited to its growth.

AUSTRALIA has often been described as a land of opposites to what obtains in this country, though that does not apply to the fact that there the native women adorn themselves with feathers—and paint.

SCOTSMEN show most favour for New Zealand, Irishmen are more attracted with Queensland, whilst Westralia has the greatest percentage of English compared with the other divisions of the island continent.

TASMANIA holds the title of "The Sanatorium of the South," and many instances have been known of immigrants from Europe with the consumptive tendency having the germs of the terrible disease eradicated by the balmy air of old Van Diemen's Land.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, Cape Town, the official residence of Sir Alfred Milner, is a very unpretentious-looking old structure, strongly contrasting with the Parliament House and several other fine public buildings in the capital of Cape Colony.

CANADIAN INDIANS in summer prefer to live in their tents, now made of canvas as buffalo hide is scarce, but in winter take up quarters in their small wooden huts.

MANY of these so far civilised "reds" have agricultural machinery and ponies and cattle of their own.

EAGLE HAWKS are very destructive in Australia, particularly in the West, and a reward of two shillings is offered by the government for every one destroyed, the claimant having to produce to a justice of the peace the head and talons, which are then to be entirely destroyed in his presence.

A Singular Synonym.

IN one of the public schools the other day a teacher was giving a lesson in words and their definitions, and was concluding the exercise by giving each pupil a word which was to be embodied in some simple sentence. One boy was given the word "garbage."

Looking this up, he found as a synonym "refuse," and he constructed the following sentence:

"The teacher will garbage any boy who asks to go home early to-day."

A Poser.

A BOY of six came to his father one day with the question:

"Why did chickens not have the same kind of a mother as other animals?"

His father replied that they did not need them, and then tried to explain to his young son, Darwin's theory of the selection of species—that all animals had just what they needed, nothing more, nothing less.

A moment's pause, and then, as if to give his father a chance to prove the theory, he asked:

"Then why were not horses born with iron shoes on their feet?"

One for the Plaintiff.

IN a civil action on money matters, the plaintiff had stated that his financial position was always satisfactory. In cross-examination, he was asked if ever he had been bankrupt.

"No," was the answer.

Next question was:

"Now, be careful; did you ever stop payment?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Ah!" exclaimed the counsel, "I thought we should get at it at last. When did that happen?"

"After I paid all I owed," was the answer.

A Man Who Stocks Zoos.

CARL HAGENBECK, the great animal trainer, provides the world at large with wild animals. He supplies all the Zoological Gardens. Only the other day he sent a big shipment of carnivora to the Royal Zoological Gardens of Calcutta, and about the same time he restocked the Gardens in Melbourne. America is always applying to him for animals, and not a day passes but he is adding to the collections in different parts of Europe.

And not only so, but Royal and private collectors are amongst his clients. For nearly forty years the Emperor of Austria has stocked his splendid gardens at Schönbrunn, near Vienna, from the collection at Hamburg. Victor Emmanuel found him invaluable when preparing his collection. Several lots have recently been dispatched to the Mikado of Japan.

The German Emperor has just bought a large stock of foreign deer from him. Prince Hohenlohe-Oehringen and the Duke of Bedford could not manage without him, and the Emperor of Russia's great parks are all stocked with water and other wild fowl from the collection in Hamburg.

The proprietors of menageries and circuses always go to him, not only for animals, but for advice as to the training and feeding of their collections.

Testing the Smartness of Fish.

NUMEROUS facts prove in a vague way the ability of fishes to profit by experience and fit their behaviour to situations unprovided for by their innate nervous equipment. All the phenomena shown by fishes as the result of taming are, of course, of this sort, but such facts have not been exact enough, says an authority, to make clear mental or nervous processes involved in such behaviour, or simple enough to be available as demonstrations of such processes. Experiments were, therefore, made with the object of solving the problem.

For the purpose, the common fundulus was chosen, and the fish was kept in an aquarium. The space on one end was shaded from the sun by a cover, and all food was dropped in at this end. Along each side of the aquarium were fastened pairs of cleats, allowing the experimenter to put across it partitions of wood, glass, or wire screening.

These partitions were made each with an opening at some part, and then the experiments were begun. When the fish was caused to leave a shady corner and swim up the sunny end, by putting the slide without any opening in behind him and moving it gently up towards the forward end, the opportunity was given for observing the animal's behaviour to good purpose.

This fish disliked the sunlight and tried to go back to the shaded portion. He swam against the screen, bumping against it here and there along the bottom; occasionally he stopped and remained still for awhile. Sometimes he would rise up toward the top of the water, especially while swimming up and down the length of the screen. The screen used in the first experiment was cut away slightly at the upper corner so as to leave an opening, so that the slide somewhat resembled a letter with a postage-stamp on it, the postage-stamp representing the aperture.

After the fish had been experimented upon six or eight times a day it was found he swam against the screen much less frequently. He swam up and down it fewer and fewer times, until, finally, his only act was to go to the right-hand side, rise up and swim out. The fish had clearly profited by his experience, and modified his conduct to suit his situation, for which his innate nervous temperament did not definitely provide. He had, in common language, learnt to get out.

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By JULIAN RALPH.

(The brilliant War Correspondent of the "Daily Mail.")

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PEARSON'S for April is crammed with powerful stories. Make a note to read "The Re-Christening of Diablo"—as fine a story as you will meet in many a day's march.

The publication of this story has created more widespread interest throughout the United Kingdom than any other story ever placed before the public, not excepting "The Final War." Readers who have not yet thought fit to begin its perusal would do well to bear in mind the fact that it in no way resembles "The Final War," nor is it merely the hackneyed story of an attack upon Great Britain by some of the Continental Powers. As every thinking Briton is aware, such an attack would assuredly result in failure to the invaders. The germ of Mr. Tracy's idea lies in the fact that the Germans and French at present in Great Britain secretly arm themselves, and, concentrating at two or three points, destroy the railway and telegraph lines, and render assistance to the invading armies. You will do well to begin this honestly delightful story at once, for each chapter is crammed with incident, and you can't afford to miss anything.

THE INVADERS.

- A STORY OF BRITAIN'S PERIL. -

By LOUIS TRACY, Author of "The Final War," etc.

Illustrated by H. PIFFARD.

SUMMARY.

The story opens with a farewell scene between Captain the Hon. Robert Dalrymple Hamilton and Major Forster, at Euston Station, the latter journeying to Liverpool, where he is to embark on the transport *Serris* en route for the war in South Africa.

Euston Station is crowded with men bound for Liverpool. The majority of them look like Germans, with an air of military discipline pervading them.

Arriving at Liverpool, Major Forster finds everybody in a state of terror and confusion. After some difficulty, he gains admittance to the Adelphi Hotel and learns that Liverpool has fallen into the hands of an unknown enemy. Shortly after six o'clock that evening, foreign men in khaki uniforms cut down, shoot, or stab everyone who crosses their path. The transport *Serris*, and other vessels in the docks, are captured.

Tom Pratt, under-boat of the Adelphi Hotel, arrives and tells his exciting experience. He saw the men in by-streets taking off their outer garments, disclosing khaki uniforms.

Hurried consultation is held, and it is thought that a hostile fleet has probably occupied the river, and that hundreds of thousands of the enemy's troops are busily engaged in carrying out a marvellously well-conceived and diabolical plot. Major Forster sees the necessity of communicating immediately with the War Office, and accepts the services of Tom Pratt to assist him.

After many exciting adventures, in which the plucky lad has not escaped unhurt, Major Forster arrives at the village of Babbington. On the journey, he has shot two of the enemies' vedettes and changed clothing. By means of the telegraph, Chester post office is instructed to cable a dispatch to the War Office by way of Holyhead and Dublin, and Cork and Bristol.

Major Forster starts off in the hope of reaching the main portion of the German army, and Tom Pratt promises to follow on later.

London is startled with the announcement that the French and German Ambassadors, after a stormy scene with Lord Salisbury, demanded and received their passports, and that a Cabinet Council has been summoned. There was subdued restlessness in Parliament when Mr. Arthur Balfour announced to the House that these two Ambassadors had submitted an ultimatum demanding the immediate vacation of all African territory, including Egypt and the Sudan, and that to these monstrous requests there had been a contemptuous refusal.

The enemy's intent Birmingham and strike their first blow at the Central Post Office. Other points of vantage are seized, including the railways and ammunition factories. They leave the town a few hours before the arrival of the head of the advancing column—cavalry scouts of the 17th Lancers.

The British fleet were at Malta; and other foreign stations, the Government believing their supremacy would be threatened in the Far East. The enemy's mode of attack is to bring about a paralysis of industry, commerce, and of the systematic effort for the prosecution of the war in South Africa, besides harassing our trade on the high seas with fast cruisers, and landing a big army at Delagoa Bay to assist the Boers.

The Royal Marines, being practically the only available strong force in the country, this famous body of men, together with the militia and volunteers, save the country. Lord Roberts is told that he must not expect any further assistance in men or stores beyond that which India and the Navy can afford him, and all Ireland's available force is ordered to concentrate at Belfast, Dublin, and Queenstown, to await transport. It is decided by the Joint Naval and Military Committee of Defence to attack the enemy's ships at Goolie and Liverpool, and land forces to re-occupy and protect these towns.

French and German men-o-war are seen off the coast of England in many parts, but the first great naval fight takes place off Hull. The first-class armoured cruiser *Delata* engages six German cruisers, accompanied by transports, and when helped by the torpedo boat *Alarm* great destruction is wrought among the enemy's fleet. The *Alarm* manages to get away and communicates with the Training Squadron, lying off Sheerness. Preparations are made for another naval battle, and the last chapter closes with the German and British ships forming up into line, preparatory to fighting.

CHAPTER VI. (continued).

The naval struggles between China and Japan, and the United States and Spain, left unsettled every question which the navies of the world have been trying to solve since the introduction of armoured vessels.

In the Japan-China war the islanders won because of their thorough adoption of modern methods and the comparative honesty of their officials. Ship for ship and gun for gun they were, perhaps, hardly equal to the Chinese navy.

But they knew how to handle their vessels and they could depend upon their ammunition, whilst the unfortunate Chinese mandarins could only conceal their ignorance by suicide or, where real intelligence existed, vring their hands with impotent curses upon arsenals which supplied shells loaded with sawdust, and a system that held matchlocks to be on a parity with magazine rifles.

Again, the Spanish-American naval operations simply permitted the Spaniards to be helplessly slaughtered at long ranges, and they submitted to this one-sided method of combat with an heroism for which, perhaps, hardly sufficient credit has been given to them by Great Britain, whose sympathies naturally lay with her kith and kin across the Atlantic.

Now, however, on this fateful Wednesday, March 7th, on the high seas off the Yorkshire coast, was to be fought a naval battle wherein the conditions were as equal as either of the combatants could have wished them.

That is to say, the British ships were out-numbered and out-classed, but not ridiculously so, whilst the impartial

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critic might hold that Britain's grand maritime traditions—of which the poet could so justly sing:

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
Her home is on the deep.

more than made up for deficiencies of material by the spirit and confidence they gave to her sons.

It would be tedious and useless alike to rehearse the tonnage, armament, and defensive structure of each of the ships engaged. These would convey but slight information to the non-nautical reader and they are the facts at the finger's end of the expert.

It was now a matter of armour-piercing shells against tin plates, of rapidity of fire, accuracy of aim, range and class of projectile, of superior methods of mounting and handling



The British ships were advancing straight towards the enemy.

guns, of English naval and gunnery science against German naval and gunnery science, so far as the construction of ships and designing of heavy ordnance were concerned.

But transcending all these there remained the one great question of all—how far has science succeeded in robbing the Briton of his prerogatives by birth, that superiority over his fellow-men as a sailor which has given him control and authority in the four quarters of the earth?

Nearly a century had passed since he met an equal adversary on the world's great highway. Would the hearts of oak still be found beneath ribs of steel?

Well, no matter how the fight might eventuate, the British tars approached it with an air of conviction that would rejoice the shade of Nelson were he permitted to revisit, for that brief hour, the sea which witnessed some of his greatest victories.

When eight miles apart, the exact positions of the two squadrons stood thus:

The six German cruisers were heading due south, steaming slowly to accommodate the progress of the *Kaiserin Augusta*, and their unprotected transports were hastening at full speed to the east.

The British ships were advancing straight towards the enemy, and the formation in each fleet was the same, vessels being line abreast about twelve cable-lengths from each other.

There was a stiff breeze and choppy sea, both coming from the north, and causing the British fleet to jump about somewhat more than Commodore Poë desired in the interests of his gunners.

It was this consideration, joined to the damaged state of the *Kaiserin Augusta*, that governed his tactics and unquestionably affected the subsequent struggle to a marked degree.

At six miles distance he changed his course sharp to the north-east, with the apparent intention of cutting between the enemy's cruisers and the transports.

Of course such an obvious move was quickly checkmated by the five German cruisers, who clapped on the full power of their engines and steered south-east whilst the *Kaiserin Augusta* headed due east, thus hoping to creep round in line again with her consorts when the action commenced in earnest.

Five miles, four miles, three, two—every man in charge of a gun which by any possibility could be twisted in the direction of the enemy had regulated the sights for the twentieth time as the roll of the ship came favourably upward and picked out the precise point of the enemy's phalanx where he would endeavour to knock and ask "who's at home?"—when suddenly the Germans opened the ball at 3,500 yards.

In the same instant the British fleet turned straight north in obedience to the Commodore's signal, and, in half

a minute, so rapidly were the opposing squadrons now moving, the distance between them had widened to 4,000 yards.

"What's the blooming game," growled every man at the port guns, as they simultaneously swung out of sight of the enemy owing to the change of course.

The officers tried to look as if they knew all about it, and expected this move for the past half hour, but they were not particularly successful.

Commodore Poë's face was set like granite as he watched the German evolutions through his glasses.

Would they still keep to windward of him or be content to give him this advantage in order to secure their transports? Upon their immediate action depended a considerable portion of the success which would attend the commencement of the affair, no matter how it ended.

They chose the latter alternative, and spun round to the east, to close in upon the *Kaiserin Augusta*, whilst the transports were signalled to deflect their course to the south.

A pack of trained dogs could not have guarded a flock of sheep from a number of wolves more cleverly than the German warships warded off danger from their transports.

But the wolves, as typified by Commodore Poë, seemed to be immensely pleased, for he ordered a change of course to the north-east again, and then turned his back on the enemy to remark affably to Commodore Allenby, who stood near him:

"We've got 'em now, Allenby."

Allenby smiled knowingly and said:

"Rather. That ends the business, sir," but not being a thought-reader he had not the remotest idea of what was passing in the Commodore's mind.

Indeed, he was slightly amazed at events. Why all this fuss about sinking a few tubs of merchant vessels, when every moment brought some chance of a crowd of ships hurrying northwards from the North and gobbling up the prey under their very noses?

Meanwhile the Commodore was as pleased as if the action were already fought and won. He actually smiled at the Navigating Lieutenant when the latter caught his eye. Such condescension from a Commodore, at such a moment, was unprecedented.

Still the British fleet bore to the north-east, and ever the Germans circled against wind and tide until the original positions had completely changed; the British were north, the Germans south, the transports behind them, and the *Kaiserin Augusta* snugly in their midst.

Then the British ships swung round and swooped down upon their prey.

It is only when you have been moving at twenty knots or so against wind and a moderate sea and then turn back and run with them, that you can realise what a tremendous difference in movement is caused by resistance, even to the stoutest vessel.

The German ships were now bobbing about like corks from the moment that they began to steam ahead to meet the British attack, and they dared not attempt any further manoeuvring lest they exposed their unarmed consorts.

It was not until the men in charge of guns in the British vessels recommenced their sighting and squinting—for beyond the first German salute there had been no other firing on either side—that they discovered the immensely more favourable conditions obtained for them by the able tactics of their leader.

Of course every trained sailor knows the difference in effect between laying a gun when moving with a sea as opposed to handling the same gun when bearing up against it, but this note-worthy fact simply didn't happen to dawn upon the majority of the men of the squadron that day, until, by waiting a few minutes, their Commodore was able to gain for them such a decided advantage.

This outcome of the situation was solely due, it must be remembered, to the serious short-coming of the swifter cruisers of the enemy being handicapped by the presence of the *Kaiserin Augusta*.

Each British officer's looks now said as plainly as if he had spoken:

"Of course I knew all about it all the time, but didn't think it necessary to mention such a mere detail."



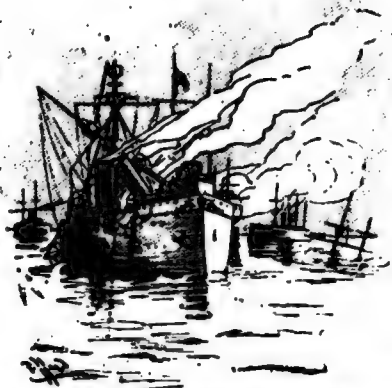
Recommended their sighting and squinting.

Each British tar solemnly winked the other eye at his neighbour, a mute but eloquent testimonial to the skill of the "old man."

And now sprung up from out the blustering but harmless

What will April 14th bring you? See the "Illustrated War News" for that date.

waters a miniature hell, where men were fiends, with lead and steel, explosives and electricity, as their minions. After the first breathless rush of the action the German



The Kaiserin Augusta was converted into a hulk.

admiral, no less than the captain of each of his ships, knew that he was labouring under a dreadful disadvantage.

The superior gun-power of the German squadron was reduced by at least fifty per cent. in weight, and quite as much in efficiency, by the rolling and pitching of their ships, whilst the deep roar of the larger British guns, the hard, fierce cough of the 6in. quick-firers, and the barking of the lighter ordnance, signified a blasting hail of missiles practically unhindered and undiminished by reason of impracticable angles, and becoming more deadly and accurate as the ships neared each other.

By preconcerted signal the two centre ships of the British fleet devoted their forward 9.2in. guns to delicately attending upon the Kaiserin Augusta, whilst the side batteries were firing to the left and right front upon those adversaries most directly in range with them.

The other three vessels were dividing their favours with the utmost impartiality.

Fearing lest his whole fleet should be annihilated in a few moments owing to the vain effort to keep line with the Kaiserin Augusta, the German admiral now signalled the remaining ships to circle outwards and get to windward of their opponents, leaving the injured cruiser to help herself as best she might.

He could have accomplished this intention by means of his superior speed if Commodore Poé had not expected the evolution, and watched for it with a keenness transcending his zeal for all other items of the engagement.

Instantly each of the British vessels described a figure that may be likened to a gigantic nine, made by starting at the tail-end instead of in the orthodox manner.

Your modern warship is so armed at all points that, whatever her position, she can keep on fighting, and the demoniac rain of projectiles continued quite as fiercely whilst the combatants executed these manoeuvres. But the Germans failed to get beyond their smaller antagonists, the two fleets coming so close to each other that 3-pounders, Maxims and small-arms took part in the firing and contributed their shriller notes to this awful symphony.

And now the beginning of the end came.

The Kaiserin Augusta, again rendered unmanageable by reason of the failure of her extemporised steering gear, drifted helplessly in any direction which engines or tide happened to take her.

The Freya heeled over and sank with a suddenness that was so unexpected as to be positively ghastly.

The Victoria Louise and the Hertha were disabled and converted into floating shambles.

They ceased firing, and the British ships when their ineffective state was perceived, left them to devote more pressing attention to the two remaining cruisers, for the Kaiserin Augusta, in this phase of the engagement, was at once converted into a hulk, her propeller having been smashed by a lucky shot from the Cambrian.

The battle being now practically over, the surviving German vessels struck their colours, and for a few minutes the victors and the vanquished rode silently upon the waves, two of the British ships, which were close to the spot where the Freya sank, lowering their boats to save the lives of a number of men who were seen clinging to wreckage.

The St. George and the Juno started after the Kaiserin Augusta, but that splendid cruiser had had enough of it and capitulated before they fired a gun.

Then the St. George—for the ship was in excellent trim and had sustained no real damage beyond a fairly stiff casualty list—steamed in pursuit of the transports, which were several miles distant and pounding away to the eastward.

In three-quarters of an hour the difference between twenty knots and sixteen began to tell. Though they were still out of range the liners seemingly did not care to undergo a single application of the St. George's twenty-two ton gun, which, of course, would have cracked the lot of them like so many eggshells.

They have to, therefore, and, in obedience to a signal—for English is the language of the sea and every trading or passenger ship must speak to another in that tongue or none—steamed off to the south-west, whither the two fleets were now slowly proceeding, the Minerva having taken the Kaiserin Augusta in tow, the Juno and Cambrian performing this helpful office for the other disabled vessels.

Commodore Poé thought it best to make for the Nore.

He knew that he must very soon encounter some of the ships belonging to the Medway steam reserve, and there would still be plenty of time that day for the newcomers to enter the Humber and learn how matters had sped there.

It was quite evident that the whole naval force of the enemy had quitted the estuary. The Alarm's report placed this beyond doubt. Whatever mischief the troops landed from the transports might have done, the fleet could not well rectify it in an hour or two, and the unquestionably severe mauling his own ships had received, besides the necessity of safe-guarding his prizes, rendered the Nore rather than the Humber the Commodore's proper objective.

So the battered Germans, and the scarcely less battered British ships, passed away to the south-west, accompanied by the stately and handsome liners, each so much larger and more majestic than the warships that it was hard to believe they could be so meek in the presence of their spit-fire captors.

At one o'clock the flotilla fell in with three battleships, four cruisers, and a swarm of destroyers from the Medway, and Commodore Poé was solemnly rowed to the Sans Pareil, where he reported to the Admiral that he had sunk one and captured five of the enemy's cruisers, together with eight transports.

The Admiral received the information with a professional sniff signifying that the Commodore had done fairly well, considering all things.

Having thus worshipped at the altar of tradition—for in the Navy you must never exhibit the least trace of emotion under any circumstances requiring departmental deportment—the Admiral took him into his cabin, shook hands with him several times, knocked the head off a bottle of champagne, and generally behaved like a man and a Briton.

CHAPTER VII.

NOT ALL BEER AT BURTON.

THE sequence of events on the East Coast has rendered it necessary, for the sake of lucidity, to somewhat anticipate occurrences elsewhere.

Under the chaotic conditions so suddenly forced upon England, it is impossible at this stage to review in detail the many developments in the Midland belt held, more or less, by the enemy since the fateful hour of six o'clock on Tuesday evening.

With telegraphs and railways destroyed, and whole communities helpless in the hands of desperadoes, who did not hesitate to enforce their wishes by murder—for the stabbing and shooting of unarmed men, whether soldiers, police, or civilians, amounted to nothing else—it is not surprising that the best organised country in the world should be momentarily bereft of its elementary faculties. To the average man, the England of to-day is not so accurately known as it was to his forefathers. At first sight this statement may seem to be far-fetched, even absurd, but it is strictly accurate in the every-day and common-place meaning of the phrase. As a single instance, take the journey from London to York. Thousands of Londoners, and perhaps millions of Yorkshiremen, have passed between the two cities. But they invariably endeavour to do so in four hours and a few minutes.

Grantham, Peterborough, Doncaster, and Selby are mere names to them, representing hurrying crowds on platforms, busy railway officials, newspaper boys, placards of somebody's soap or mustard, bookstalls and refreshment rooms.

In the coaching days, the men and women who traversed the Great North Road were fewer in number but vastly better acquainted with the countryside. It is easy to understand, therefore, that the total disappearance of the complex machinery, which, to-day, supplies the needs of communication or transport, should leave a blank not readily filled up, and one which no war-like agency could have created as thoroughly a century ago.

Each passing hour, of course, contributed to remedy the defects. As people awoke from their stupor, the natural courage and enterprise of the English race brought out men on horseback and bicycle who scoured the country and secured such information as could be obtained, whilst the railway and telegraph officials worked with might and main to repair the havoc wrought by the invaders.

This was no easy task. The north of England and Scotland were completely isolated, and might as well have been detached by some mighty convulsion of nature, and deposited as an annex to Greenland for all the knowledge of events transpiring there possessed by the south during the whole of Wednesday.

Inter-communication was, however, to some extent restored with part of the Midlands. A bicyclist got through from Burton to Leicester with news of hard fighting at the former place—tidings which were promptly transmitted by other bicyclists to Northampton, and thence by telegraph to London.

Parties of volunteers and militia, in the neighbourhood of Leicester, had encountered small troops of foreigners hurrying north, though still systematically engaged in destroying railway bridges and telegraph lines.

In the majority of instances, the enemy, being well mounted and armed, had got the better of the courageous countrymen, in the sense that most of them escaped death or capture.

But at the village of Hugglescote, close to which two railway lines cross the river Sence, some eighteen Frenchmen fell into an ambush on Wednesday morning, and were all killed or severely wounded, the members of a local pigeon-shooting club having waylaid them from behind a thick, thorn fence, where the road had been blocked by a waggon at a sharp turn.

From papers found on these men and others, the authorities—that is, such magistrates and local gentry as hastily gathered at different centres—learnt that the isolated bands of the enemy in Leicester and Rutland were instructed to make for Derby as a rallying-place.

It was subsequently discovered that the invaders' plan of campaign regarded the town of Derby as the headquarters of the opening operations on the south—the capture and sack of Birmingham being undertaken for the purpose of obtaining military stores and supplies.

To keep the line of railway open, it was necessary that they should carry by assault the depôts of the 3rd and 4th Militia Battalions of the North Staffordshire Regiment at Lichfield, and this enterprise was duly accomplished at six o'clock on Monday evening.

The task was not a formidable one, as these militia regiments had not been embodied, and the staff sergeants in the barracks were few in number and, of course, totally unprepared for the onslaught.



The Admiral knocked the head off a bottle of champagne.

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The next important town on the rail communication was Burton, the headquarters of the 2nd Volunteer Battalion of the North Staffordshire Regiment, familiarly known to themselves and others as "The Beer-Barrels."

Lord Burton is the honorary colonel of this excellent corps. He takes a keen interest in it, as many of the officers and most of the men are connected with the world-famous establishment of which he is the chief.

Stirred to activity by the Transvaal War, his lordship offered every inducement to the battalion to make itself efficient, and officers and men had entered into his scheme with great enthusiasm.

Each Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday afternoon was devoted to a parade under field-service conditions, followed by a hearty supper at the Drill Hall, supplied by Lord Burton, who also paid for all the ammunition used during manoeuvres and practice, and provided valuable prizes to encourage companies and individuals to attain extra proficiency.

This had gone on regularly during this month of February.

Lt.-Colonel C. J. Goer (an excellent name for the commander of such a regiment), Majors Gretton and Wright, Captain H. N. Head, the adjutant (from the Scottish Rifles), and all the junior officers, naturally hailed Lord Burton's suggestions with delight, the outcome of his public-spirited munificence being that the 2nd V.B. of the North Staffordshire was equal to any other volunteer battalion in the kingdom in discipline, drill, and shooting.

Chance had it that the regiment paraded at 2.30 p.m. on Tuesday, and marched through the town en route to Bretby Park, whither it had been invited to undergo an afternoon's exercise in attack formation over open but well-wooded country.

As the battalion, headed by the band, swung jauntily along the streets and out into the open country, not a man there, from the colonel to the youngest drummer, dreamed of being engaged that day in more serious business than a healthful and instructive bit of manoeuvring to be followed by a pleasant homeward march at ease, with pipes, cigarettes and songs going full blast, a supper and an impromptu "smoker," winding up this enjoyable programme.

There is excellent authority for the statement that it is the unexpected which happens. It was so in this case, to an extent that no member of the corps ever afterwards forgot for the rest of his days.

Captain R. F. Ratcliff's company headed the return



"Here, Phillips, tell me what you saw in the town."

march. At 6.15 p.m. the leading files had passed Winhill, a suburb of the town, and Major Gretton was about to call the battalion to attention, whilst bandmen were unslung their instruments, and the big drummer was smoothing out

Do you know that pictures may now be telegraphed as easily as words? A full account of the wonders of the new system appears in PEARSON'S for April.

his sheepskin, when a mounted police inspector dashed up at a hard gallop and called out to the major:—

"Halt, sir, for God's sake, halt!"

Astounded at the words, not less than the excited appearance of the police officer, Major Gretton was about to question him, when he continued:

"All the railway stations, the telegraph office, and the drill hall are in the hands of French and German troops. They have shot most of the local police and a great many railway officials. I managed to escape myself by the merest accident, but I was pursued and fired at."

By way of corroboration, he pointed to his right shoulder, where his tunic was torn by a bullet, and some blood from a flesh wound had welled forth over his sleeve. His horse, too, was very restive, which was sufficiently accounted for by a deep and jagged furrow across the animal's right shoulder, caused by a missile, which must have narrowly escaped his rider's leg.

Major Gretton shouted "Battalions—Halt!" and the order was taken up by company commanders down the line until the regiment came to a standstill.

"Are you quite sure of your facts, Inspector?" he said, being unable to fully grasp their significance, and uttering the first question that came to his tongue.

"Perfectly certain, sir."

"French and German troops, you say?"

"Yes, sir."

"But how have they got here?"

"I have noticed a large number of foreigners in the town to-day and have constantly wondered where they came from, or what was their business. At six o'clock, as though by pre-arrangement, they suddenly banded together, appeared in a sort of khaki uniform, and produced a powerful repeating pistol, or short gun, of a kind I have never before seen. Within five minutes they swarmed over the town. They must have killed a large number of people. Here, you see, are the townsfolk running away on foot. I was riding past the post-office when the outbreak occurred, and I have galloped past three separate detachments of the enemy who were so busy that they did not notice me in time, or I should infallibly have been shot."

The inspector's excited voice could plainly be heard by the men of Captain Ratcliff's company, and to lend effect to his words there now came along the road—a main thoroughfare leading from the central streets to the country—the first of a great company of running, shrieking, sobbing men, women and children, who seemed to regard these silent, red-coated volunteers as some measure of protection, for many of them, unable to run further, threw themselves down on the roadside in a paroxysm of hysterical terror.

"Captain Ratcliff," said the Major, "you and your men must endeavour to get these poor people to pass along to the rear, or the road will soon be hopelessly blocked. They must be moved along. Come, inspector. We will find the Colonel."

And the two spurred their horses to a point where Colonel Goer, Major Wright, and the adjutant was standing in a group and wondering why the regiment had halted.

To say that these officers were astonished when they heard the inspector's story, is to merely express their sentiments by a bald phrase. Corroboration soon came in the shape of the first flight of fugitives, urged to further exertions by Captain Ratcliff in front.

"Why, there's Phillips," said the Colonel, recognising a man passing at the moment. "Here, Phillips, tell me what you saw in the town and why you are running off in this fashion."

"Saw, sir," cried Phillips, the proprietor of a livery stable whose yard had been promptly ransacked for horses, "why, if I'd been struck by lightning I could 'ave understood it. But to have the town of Burton seized by the devil-licks me clean. Saw, why, they gutted my yard afore I could cross the street, an' shot men dead just for looking at 'em. I don't know wot's come over England, I don't."

Here some distant firing was heard quite distinctly above the cries of the flying people, and Phillips got behind the small group of mounted officers as though to seek shelter from threatened danger.

Colonel Goer was the first to recover from the shock of this intelligence.

"Sergeant-Major," he said, addressing the senior non-commissioned officer who stood near, and who must have overheard all that passed, "where can we get some ammunition?"

"Am I right in assuming, sir, that the Drill Hall has been seized?"

"So I am informed."

"Then, sir, all the ammunition that I know of is there now, or was there when we left this afternoon."

"That must be so, I suppose. How many rounds are in stock?"

"About 50,000, sir. We have just drawn supplies for the annual musketry training, and there are a good many extra cases ordered by Lord Burton."

"Very well, gentleman," said the colonel, turning to the other officers. "We must make for the Drill Hall by unfrequented streets at the double, and carry the place with the bayonet on the chance that the ammunition has not yet been removed."

They passed rapidly to the front, explaining to the officers of each company in turn what their design was.

In order that the men might not be too blown when the moment for decisive action arrived, it was decided to march in quick time to the bridge over the Trent, as the inspector reported that the enemy did not appear to have reached that point when he rode out. His motive in taking this road was to meet and warn the regiment, and Colonel Goer told him that in due course his courage and foresight would be brought to the notice of the Chief Constable.

In about eight minutes Captain Ratcliff's company, with fixed bayonets carried at the slope, gained the bridge without further difficulty than was caused by the mass of distracted people pouring out of the town.

It was now turned half-past six and was rapidly becoming dark, a factor of some importance to the Colonel's bold project, for bold it certainly was.

He did not know the number or nature of the mysterious enemy he was called upon to face, and it might easily result in his men being shot down without power of retaliation if they were unable to come to close quarters.

Beyond the main bridge a small strip of land intervened before a second bridge, across a tributary of the Trent, had to be negotiated.

Luckily the road turned somewhat in this locality, and the Colonel, who rode foremost, was able to catch sight of half-a-dozen mounted men—of unusual appearance, but evidently soldiers, who seemed to be a cavalry outpost—before they saw him.

"At the double—march!" he cried, adding, as he drew his sword, "Follow me, gentlemen."

The four mounted officers, and the unarmed police inspector, dashed forward, and were almost within striking distance of the vedettes before they were noticed, so great was the confusion at this point.

The colonel ran one of his opponents through the body as the man was bringing up his Mauser. Another trooper did lift his weapon to fire at him, but the plucky police officer charged his horse on the off side and tumbled both animal and rider headlong to the ground, where the man was bayoneted by the leading files of the North Staffordshire before he could rise.

A couple of shots were fired, but they did no damage, as the enemy's horses, unused to firing from their backs, plunged viciously. Each of the other officers wounded an opponent, and the bayonet finished the business.

The last man, who was the most distant, fired into the mass, wounding a sergeant and a private, and then rode off for his life.

Lieutenant Sydenham, however, had picked up one of the fallen Mausers and he now fired, with so true an aim, that he smashed the trooper's spine.

"Thank you, inspector," shouted the Colonel. "Pick up



The leading company of volunteers came at them with the bayonet.

those Mausers; let some officers or men mount these horses and come with me. Now, men, to the Drill Hall."

The foreign gentlemen, who were busily engaged in loading the ammunition and spare rifle at the Drill Hall into the carts, were now doomed to experience the curious pranks that fate can play.

It is one thing to surprise other people; it is quite a different matter to be surprised yourself.

And they were vastly surprised—after having cowed the town of Burton by the terrorism of open and undisguised murder for half-an-hour—to be ridden into by a squad of mounted redcoats, who slashed and thrust and shot at them without mercy, whilst, two minutes later, when the affray was at its height, and matters were beginning to look serious for the ten Englishmen opposed to nearly fifty trained soldiers taken momentarily unawares, the leading company of the volunteers came at them with the bayonet. This settled it.

Some twenty of the enemy galloped off towards the Midland Station, leaving twenty-eight of their comrades dead or dying in the open space opposite the Drill Hall.

Major Wright and the inspector were down, but fortunately both had sustained only severe contusions, and the cart-horses seized by the enemy had taken no inconsiderable part in the fray by dashing wildly about with their heavy vehicles, being frightened by the tumult and the firing.

"Quick, now," roared Colonel Goer. "Six men from each company serve out ammunition, 100 rounds per man," (there were 495 men on parade); "officers will re-form their companies in quarter column. Lose no time."

Expert hands tore open the ammunition boxes, whilst others brought haversacks, for the men's pouches would not hold more than forty rounds.

In five minutes the regiment was ready for action, and the Colonel utilised the interval to gain such further information as was available concerning the movements and probable numbers of the enemy.

He estimated that, all told, they could not total up to much more than 250. The main body occupied the Midland Station, the others being in possession of the two smaller stations in the town, and of the Post Office. A dim conception of what had happened elsewhere took form in his mind when he heard the methods adopted by the invaders.

He was not a man, however, to be daunted by the apparent possibility of the whole country falling into the hands of an enemy who had been shed broadcast over the land like a shower of rain. His regiment, at any rate, was intact, and, to some extent, able to hold its own.

No one knew what the next hour, or day, might bring forth, but his immediate duty was clear.

Sending Captains G. R. Shaw and W. R. Coleridge-Roberts, with their respective companies, to re-take the minor stations at all costs, he again headed the main body in the advance upon the Post Office and the central stations.

By this time the streets of the town were denuded of inhabitants, and all doors were locked and shops closed as a feeble precaution against the marauders.

The enemy in possession of the Post Office were obviously on the alert, for they cleared out as soon as the leading company appeared at the head of the street. They fired with great rapidity and some effect, but a couple of volleys dropped several of them, and caused the rest to fly for their lives toward the station.

It was neither possible nor judicious for the volunteers to advance very rapidly in pursuit, as they did not know at what moment they might fall into a trap.

When within striking distance of the station, the Colonel sent Captains A. J. Clay and C. E. Boots, with two companies, to get on to the line on each flank, and to be prepared to advance in exactly five minutes, at which time the main assault would be delivered.

At the appointed moment the remaining companies, headed by their field officers and company commanders, doubled up the main road and into the station approach, expecting at every moment to be met by a fierce fire.

But there was no sign of life in the place. The station was absolutely deserted, save for the corpses of a few faithful officials who had been killed in the endeavour to save the company's property from the unwarranted possession of their ghost-like assailants.

Not until a messenger came from Captain Shaw was the mystery explained. It was his duty to capture the small station north on the main line, but before he arrived there he saw a train steaming steadily off towards Derby, and this, he ascertained from a porter who had hidden among the mountains of beer barrels on the premises of Messrs. Bass & Co. contained the main body of the enemy.

Still, there must be left somewhere the few who escaped from the Post Office. Rigorous search revealed these gentry in the goods yard, crouching in empty waggons.

There were only fifteen of them and they were promptly paraded before Colonel Goer. Nine were Germans, and six French, but they all spoke English.

"Is there any reason," said the colonel, "why I should not at once order you to be shot?"

"Yes," said one who appeared to be an officer, "we are soldiers of two nations at war with England."

"What nations?"

"Franco and Germany."

"You lie."

The man shrugged his shoulders.

"I cannot help it," he said, "if you are not acquainted with the facts. But you ought to be certain you are right before you sentence us to be shot."

The Englishman was somewhat taken aback by this cool effrontery.

"You have been captured red-handed with arms in your hands," said the Colonel. "You have dared to fire on men wearing Her Majesty's uniform. You have murdered scores of unarmed civilians in cold blood, and yet you have the impudence to claim that you are soldiers of two countries which most certainly were not at war with Great Britain this morning."

"They are now," was the unabashed reply.

"Can anyone here substantiate this amazing statement?" cried the Colonel, turning to the small knot of railway men who were now collecting, for the arrival of the troops so opportunely soon became known.

"Yes, sir," said a signalman. "The latest evening papers said that war was declared to-day, and that the French and German Ambassadors had left London. But war or no war," continued the man, passionately, "these cowardly murderers should be hanged if they're not shot. They came in here, sir, at six o'clock, and killed men right and left. They even shot down women—"

"No," cried the German officer.

"Yes, I tell you yes, you—" roared the signalman. "Look here," and he ran to a waiting-room, where he lifted tenderly the body of a girl, whose poor finery was all be-draggled in the blood which had flowed from a ghastly wound in her throat caused by a partly spent Mauser bullet.

"It was an accident then," said the German. "She must have been in the line of fire."

Yet this man was no coward, for he drew himself up proudly as he went on:

"Do as you will. I care not. These men with me simply obeyed my orders. I am an officer and will suffer for them. But I tell you your England is lost. You yourselves have not an hour to live. You are—"

Here a low growl from one of his companions arrested his utterance, and, with a mighty effort, he calmed himself.

"I simply repeat," he added, "that we were justified in taking the steps we did take to secure the railway and telegraph lines and to demoralise all resistance. Our method, though severe, meant less bloodshed in the end."

To endeavour to tempt this man would be useless. Colonel Goer turned to the other prisoners.

"Listen to me," he said. "Any of you who will give me full information as to the whereabouts and number of the troops co-operating with you, will have your lives spared. The rest will be tried by court-martial on this platform and the sentence of the court will be carried out forthwith."

He left them under a strong guard, giving private instructions to the officer in command to protect them from maltreatment, as a number of railway servants who had now gathered were eyeing them in a manner that boded little good to them.

(To be continued.)

FAMOUS MEN WHO HAVE CARRIED THE COLOURS

THIS MANNER OF WINNING THE V.C. IS NOW NO LONGER POSSIBLE.

PROBABLY the most famous of the men who are living to-day who have had an honour that is not likely to occur again in a hurry—viz., that of carrying "Her Majesty's Colours" into action, is Lord Wantage. As is well known, by a regulation after the Zulu War of 1879 it was decreed that "henceforth 'colours' should not be carried by British regiments when going into battle," for a reason that we will mention later. Nevertheless, there are many soldiers to-day who regret the change thus made, and who point out with pride that some of the very bravest deeds of our men on the field of battle have arisen in connection with the "colours."

This is undeniable, and it was owing to that fact that the present Lord Wantage won his Victoria Cross. He was then Lieutenant Robert Lindsay, of the Scots Guards, and was carrying the "colours" of the regiment at the battle of the Alma. The Welsh Fusiliers had been ordered to retire, and several of the Scots Guards, hearing the command "Fusiliers retire," thought it applied to them. A Russian force was right in front of them, and a retreat would have been disastrous. Lindsay, seeing the mistake likely to occur, rode boldly forward, waving the "flag" and exposing himself in front of the Scots Guards, in his red coat and gold lace. His brave bearing and superb courage restored the confidence and order of the men behind him, and the grand regiment rallied round the standard-bearer. Then, a little later, came the fine charge against the Russians, when the Scots Guards did such execution and suffered so heavily.

For his bravery at such a supreme moment Lindsay received the V.C., and lived to be the "father," if one may say so, of the Volunteer movement of later days, and to develop

THE SCIENCE OF MARKSMANSHIP

amongst both Volunteers and Regulars to a wonderful degree. To-day few old soldiers are more honoured and respected by all kinds of Englishmen than is Lord Wantage.

Speaking of the gallant Welsh Fusiliers reminds one that it was at the head of that regiment that a non-commissioned officer, then unknown, but later to become one of the most famous of British leaders, did a marvellous action with the "colours" on that same great field of Alma. Lieutenant Anstruther was the regimental standard-bearer; but the brave lad, only eighteen years old, rushing forward with the flag in one hand and a sword in the other, was shot dead as he led his men against a Russian earthwork.

The "Goats" were not to be denied, however, and a private named Evans, who was the first of them to mount the rampart, shook the pole of the colours with its ragged ribbons, to show that the Welsh Fusiliers had taken the place. He then passed the "colours" to Sergeant Luke O'Connor, who came up tottering from severe wounds he had received in the *mêlée*.

O'Connor's superior officer, seeing how badly wounded he was, begged him to retire, but the sergeant refused. That day he did prodigies of valour, despite his wounds, and all through its terrible course there was to be seen the blood-marked figure of Luke O'Connor at the head of the splendid Welsh Fusiliers, with that battered flag raised aloft, encouraging the Welshmen to renewed exertions.

When the fighting was done, Sergeant Luke O'Connor still grasped the "colours," and there were found to be no fewer than

TWENTY-SIX BULLET HOLES IN THEM!

Was it too great a reward for the brave fellow that he was made an Ensign, and given a commission, and that he was awarded the V.C.? He fought even more fiercely—if that were possible—at the Redan, where he was wounded in both legs; and he gradually rose in the service until he blossomed out into Major-General Luke O'Connor, V.C., and goodness knows how many other distinguished orders—a living proof of how a man may rise from the lowest ranks in our Army to the very highest, by sheer merit alone.

Sir Colin Campbell—who ever calls him "Lord Clyde"?—who was the chief Commander of the British through the Mutiny in 1857, had carried the "colours" on the immortal field of Corunna under somewhat unusual circumstances. He it was who bore the flag of the brave Norfolk lads, the "Ninth," when that strange burial took place which has been the inspiration of one of the finest military poems in existence. It was Campbell who waved the "colours" above the corpse of Sir John Moore, when they "buried him darkly at dead of night, The sods with their bayonets turning."

"Tom Browne's Dragoons" would be a curious puzzle for many people nowadays to discover as to their identity. But one of the Yorkshire regiments was known by this title for long years after the battle of

Dettingen, owing to the valiant deeds that Tom Browne, a York man, did on that glorious day in British annals. The bearer of the standard had been shot dead, and the enemy, the French, had got possession of the flag. There were hundreds of them on that part of the field to a few Yorkshiremen, when the loss of the "colours" was discovered, and a hasty look round the scene showed the famous flag being waved in the midst of the French host.

The York man turned round his horse towards the Frenchmen, and grasped his sword. "By the Lord," said he to his few companions, "we'll have that flag back before we leave them!"

His comrades tried to dissuade him from such a foolhardy performance as attacking such a force—one or two against scores, where they would inevitably be slaughtered like sheep, without the slightest chance of ever getting near the precious "colours." They were as eager to regain the flag as he was; but they saw how absolutely futile would be any attempt with such few soldiers—nay, their position even where they were was extremely dangerous.

But Tom Browne headed them not. He put spurs to his "Yorkshire Grey," he waved his hand to them, with a shout of "Yorkshire for ever!" and he dashed into the ranks of the hundreds of Frenchmen. Shots and sword-thrusts met him on all sides when once the amazed foe had recognised what he was after; but Browne drove on his grey, as utterly reckless as though he were just dashing along the streets of the Minster city. He warded off this blow here and that one there; the shots he dodged as if by a miracle. How he ever got to the "colours" at all alive is one of those mysteries nobody can explain.

But he got there; and with one terrible blow he slew the man who grasped them, and with another he killed the soldier who came to try and take them. Then he turned and rode back again, holding firmly to the "colours" all the while.

The Frenchmen, officers and privates, stood in amazement and admiration. They almost seemed to give him a free passage back, so completely astounded were they at the success of what seemed to have been

A "TEN-MILLION-TO-ONE CHANCE."

Can anyone describe the reception Browne got from the Tykes as they beheld him emerging from that *mêlée* where he had been lost to view for so long? They had given him up as dead long before that time. But, though it seems utterly incredible, the brave fellow had not one single wound except a scratch or two; he had come off scathless as far as his person was concerned. But his helmet had twenty bullet-holes through it, and his coat had ten! And to-day, a century and more later, Tom Browne's deed at Dettingen is not forgotten by the men of York city.

Lastly, let us not omit to mention the brave deeds of the two who were probably the last to bear, in actual battle, our "colours" against the foe. They have made the names of Harrow and Haileybury immortal, as well as their own. They were little more than boys, those two, Melvill and Coghill, on that fatal day in Zululand, when they saved the flag of the "Noble 24th," and lost their own lives. But every Englishman walked along the streets that day with his head half an inch higher, with pride that he belonged to the same race as these two boys, after he had read of one of the bravest struggles for the flag that even our history can show!

They were emblazoned upon the roll of V.C. heroes, these two dead, and everyone was glad that, even after life had flown, this unique honour was theirs. But their deed had a notable ending; it was the beginning of the movement by which for the future the "colours" were not to be carried on to the field of battle.

CUSTOMER: "You should stable your cows in wet weather."

MILKMAN: "How do you know that I don't?"

CUSTOMER: "The milk has a rain flavour."

"YOU'RE a lobster! That's what you are!" exclaimed the boy with the brimless hat.

"That's more'n you are," replied the boy with the pile of papers under his arm. "When you git into hot water you turn pale!"

"A PRETTY lot of children you are for a minister to have," exclaimed a curate whose children were misbehaving at the dinner-table.

"Then why don't you change your business, papa?" asked four-year-old Nellie.

"WILL you give me a kiss, Johnny?" asked a spinster of a five-year-old.

"No, indeed," replied Johnny.

"Why not?" she asked.

"Cause if I did, the next thing you would be asking me to marry you," was the unexpected reply.

"TOMMY," said a mother to her small son, "I'm afraid that when your father comes home all tired out with his day's work, and learns how naughty you have been, he will punish you."

"Well," replied the precocious youngster, "I hope he will be so tired that it won't hurt very much."

DON'T MAKE TOO MUCH MONEY.

CONTINUAL MAKING IS AS BAD A HABIT AS CONTINUAL SPENDING.

VERY few people understand the proper connection between making money and spending it. What all understand what it means to make it, and what it means also to spend it; it is the correlation of making and spending that is not so well comprehended. Yet a proper understanding of this will give us the maximum of happiness.

The desire to make money—to acquire wealth—is innate in man. Riches represent everything that can be classed under the head of "comfort." The poor man, as he stands outside the house of the millionaire in some fashionable locality, grumbles at the unequal distribution of riches; if he only had a mere fraction of the possessions of the other he would be happy, he thinks. He cannot understand why a man should go on "grabbing money and piling it up"; he might give up his business and retire, leaving someone else a chance of making money.

But the French proverb, "Appetite comes while eating," applies with more force to money-getting than to anything else; once fairly on the road, very few people can make sufficient effort to resist the attraction of money-making, and it gradually comes to pass that their happiness is bound up in it.

In actual life we find that public opinion severely condemns incessant spending, while it only slightly blames, or does not blame at all, unceasing effort in money making. Is this fair? The man who spends money as fast as it comes to him, does so because he derives pleasure from it; the man who is constantly engaged in obtaining riches follows that pursuit for the very same reason. Why should the one be considered harmful and the other not?

As a matter of fact, both are pernicious; the very best way to get the greatest amount of happiness is to effect a judicious combination of the two. The man who allows his natural desire to gain money to run away with him to the extent of preventing him from spending in proportion is losing much of the happiness which money may bring. If he were to curb that desire and make use of his riches by spending, he would have a double pleasure instead of a single one.

It is delightful to feel that one can make money, and it is just as delightful to spend it; he who only does one of these things loses half the pleasure he might enjoy. The spendthrift, despite the great pleasure he finds in getting rid of wealth would increase his happiness by devoting a little of his time and energy to the acquisition of what is poetically termed "filthy lucre" and a little less of it to the distribution of possessions left to him by others.

What is wanted is to preserve the balance between the two pursuits, and no man is so happy as he who is shrewd enough to adopt that principle and live up to it.

IF YOU PLAY FOOTBALL, SIGN THE COUPON ON THE FRONT PAGE.

475 INSURANCE CLAIMS HAVE BEEN PAID. (Including one of a Thousand Pounds.)

This Insurance holds good for any number of claims to the extent of £1,000—not for one only. £1,000 specially guaranteed by the OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION LIMITED, 40, 42, and 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C.4, to whom notice of claims, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address. Insurance tickets applicable to passenger trains in Great Britain and Ireland, issued under section 33 of the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act, 1890.

ONE THOUSAND POUNDS

will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger (including holders of season and excursion tickets, and post-office officials in any of the railway servant's vans, and railway servants travelling with pass or railway servant's ticket in an ordinary carriage), and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on the first page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided at the foot. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum will be paid to the legal representatives of such person injured should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter, and that notice of the accident be given within three days of its occurrence.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to whomsoever the Editor of *Pearson's Weekly* may decide to be next-of-kin of any cyclist or football player who meets his death by an accident while actually riding a cycle, or playing football, provided that deceased at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on the first page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature written in ink or pencil on the space provided at the foot, and that death occurred within twenty-four hours thereafter, and that notice was given of such accident to the said Corporation at above address, within three days of its occurrence.

The above conditions are the essence of the contract. This insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890, Clauses No. 3 and 3.

The Purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 34 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said Corporation. No person can recover more than one Coupon Ticket of this paper in respect of the same risk.

W. H. — Subscribers who have duly paid a twelve-months' subscription for *PEARSON'S WEEKLY* in advance to their newagent, or to the publisher, need not during the period covered by their subscription, sign the coupon, or carry the paper on their person. It is only necessary to forward the newagent's receipt to the publisher of the paper, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.2, and a certificate will be sent in exchange.

On April 1st bonfires are to be lit throughout the length and breadth of the German Empire to celebrate the day when Bismarck was born. The April number of PEARSON'S MAGAZINE contains a fully illustrated account of this interesting celebration.

THE SLOWEST MAN WINS!

ALL ABOUT SOME QUEER RECORDS.

Most of the existing records in the world of sport are the result of almost superhuman effort; others, again, are more extraordinary for their originality. A mile in one minute and thirty-five seconds positively smacks of train time, yet so reads the flying mile bicycle record of the world, made in England. A mile in fifty-six and a half seconds is also a cycling record, made, however, in America—a feat which, if not officially recognised, entailed almost as much nerve and endurance as the other. This remarkable time was made as follows: Two years ago, half a score of wheelmen appeared in a race, billed as the "record slow mile," the incentive to crawl being a handsome silver cup, plentifully besprinkled with embossed snails, which was to become the property of the man last to pass the judge. So funeral was the pace that, before two laps had been negotiated, seven competitors were thrown out of the race owing to lost equilibrium, while another rider was disqualified for hindering the progress by an excess of zig-zag work. Eventually one of the two survivors crawled in a yard in front of his neighbour, needless to say very much against his will.

Mountain climbing contests are rapidly coming into fashion, and no less than two records have been broken and three made in as many months in the climbing and getting down again of Ben Nevis, and indications are in favour of a vigorous attack being made on the current record this summer.

A walking match first down and up a coal-mine, however, is a contest as little heard of as it is fashionable, and is sufficiently unique to establish a record irrespective of the time occupied. The contest, which was for a substantial stake, was, of course, decided in a "walk-down" pit of respectable dimensions. When the up grade came to be negotiated a desperate struggle ensued, and only by his own length did one gasping, grimy athlete precede the other, the time for the 700 odd feet of rise and fall being 104sec.

Walking records are a trifle too common to come suitably under the designation of "queer"; but there is no gainsaying their merit as performances. Stretching your legs to the tune of a mile in 6min. 23sec. is, as a feat, little short of running the same distance in 4min. 12sec.

There have been some extraordinary things done, and officially recognised, in swimming. In October, 1895, Miss

Anne Johnston swam 50 yd. under water. Naturally this performance, wonderful as it is, is easily surpassed by a swimmer of the male persuasion. Some thirteen years before, Peter Johnston swam the amazing distance of 109 yd. 2 1/2 in. under the same disadvantage. A fortnight later Finney, the celebrated land fish, made a vigorous onslaught on this last record, and succeeded in superseding it with four yards to spare.

More grotesque, it not more extraordinary, was the record performance of another aquatic gentleman who remained under water standing on his hands for 3min. 15 3/4 sec.

The average person who elects, when in his bath, to emulate a fish, feels at exploding point before a minute has elapsed, with the dread consciousness that unless he raises his head, his life is numbered by a paltry few seconds. Yet in 1897, Charles Oavill remained in a tank with abundance of water above and around him for the astonishing time of 5min. 5sec., establishing, almost needless to say, a new record in this direction. A year or two previous to this, a professor of swimming remained in water at Westminster Aquarium for 13min. 7 1/2 sec., with this important explanation however, that 2 1/4 sec. of that period was spent in recuperating above the surface.

A few years ago a gentleman remained for six hours submerged to his neck in the sea at Brighton, winning thereby a big wager. How much of this latter eventually found its way into the pockets of the family doctor, record bath it not. The ill-fated Tommy Burns had a craze for sensational feats in diving, heading the air with equal facility and sang froid from house-top, bridge, or moving train; and he succeeded in establishing a record or two that will be safe from interference till some equally foolhardy and courageous disciple assumes his mantle.

Many Twelfth champions will be a trifle dampened to learn that an American gentleman established a record—since shared by a few other sportsmen—by killing in rapid succession 100 pigeons with a like number of shots.

The Mississippi is the Father of Waters, but the Modder is in South Africa.

"CAN any of you tell me what a fountain is?" asked the teacher of the juvenile class.

"I can," said a little fellow at the pedal extremity of the class.

"Well, tell me what a fountain is," said the teacher.

"It's a lot of rain squirted through a hole in the ground," was the prompt reply.

"A BRUSH with the enemy," as the fox remarked when he left his tail in the trap.

THE MISTRESS: "You still love me if I did have your tail amputated? Tell me, darling Curo."

Curo (in great grief): "How am I going to tell her with my wagging apparatus missing?"

"WHO is that young fellow?"

"That's Jim Dowling, better known as 'Cannibal.'"

"Why's that?"

"His father is a retired missionary, and Jim lives on him."

"You have only had half of the poodle clipped, mamma," said little Tommy.

"Yes, Tommy."

Tommy thought a moment, and then asked:

"Is it so that the warm end of the dog can enjoy the coolness of the other end all the more?"

Where are You Going for Easter?

TWO GUINEAS for a SNAPSHOT.

T

HIS Prize will be awarded to the reader who sends in the most interesting photograph, taken by himself, of the seaside place he visits during the Easter holidays. The pictures may be taken by any camera, and may be of any size—larger the better—but they should be not merely studies of the inhabitants or of the automatic machines on the pier. They should embrace some feature which will identify it with the town. For instance, a photograph of Margate jetty on a crowded day, or of the main street at Yarmouth, or of the Hoe at Plymouth, are examples of the sort of thing likely to bring along that two guineas.

All attempts must reach this office before Monday, April 30th, in envelopes marked SEASIDE.

The Editor reserves the right to use any of the photographs submitted in whatever manner he may choose.

FOR HEALTH AND PLEASURE

VISIT



BLACKPOOL

"A city of palaces of pleasure by the sea."

"A wonderland by the waves."

—G. R. SIMS.

NEW MARINE ESPLANADES.

3 MILES OF PROMENADES, SHELTERED FROM

EASTERLY WINDS.

MILD AND EQUABLE CLIMATE.

ABSENCE OF FOGS.

GLORIOUS SUNSETS.

CHEAP BOOKINGS FROM ALL PARTS.

HOME NOTES PAGE.

A PAGE MORE PARTICULARLY FOR LADIES.

ISOBEL will be glad to answer, in this page, questions of general interest upon household matters, so far as space permits. Envelopes should be marked HOME NOTES.

Milk Jugs should always be rinsed out with cold water before being scalded in hot. If hot water is poured in first the curd sets, and the surface cannot be so easily cleaned. (Reply to MINA.)

Celery Salt. My own recipe for this is to procure some celery seed, dry it thoroughly on a baking-sheet, pound it in a mortar, and add two parts to one of salt. This should be made once or twice a year and kept tightly corked. (Reply to X. N.)

To Preserve the Various War Maps, mount them on linen or card-board, and brush over with a solution of gutta-percha, which is quite transparent.

To Take the Bitter Quality from Yeast. Bake a small piece of bread quite black and drop it into the yeast, or pour cold water on to the yeast some time before you require it. The yeast sinks to the bottom of the basin, and the bitter quality remains in the water, which is poured off. (Reply to COLONIST.)

Leg of Pork as Goose makes a good Sunday dinner now poultry is so scarce. Boil a small leg of pork for an hour, remove the skin and put sage and onion stuffing round the knuckle. Roast from an hour and a half to two hours, basting constantly, and, during the last half hour, dredge it with two ounces of finely-powdered crumbs mixed with a tablespoonful of powdered sage. Serve with good rich gravy and plenty of apple sauce.

Cures for Chilblains. Soak the feet and hands twice or thrice a week in hot water which has common salt dissolved in it in the proportion of a half-pint measure of salt to a gallon and a half of water. This is not only a cure but a preventative. Another cure is to cut up two white turnips and put them into a cup with three large spoonfuls of lard, then mash this through a sieve. Apply at night upon a piece of soft linen. (Reply to SYLVIA.)

Madrid Pudding is, I imagine, what you require. Boil a pint of milk and pour it over four ounces of stale brown bread-crumbs. When cool, add two ounces of crushed ratafia biscuits, four ounces of stoned raisins, three ounces of sugar, two ounces of chopped suet, the yolks of four eggs, a little powdered cinnamon, and lastly, the stiffly beaten whites of four eggs. Pour into a buttered mould and steam gently for one hour and a half. Turn out to serve, and pour round a good wine sauce. (Reply to M. F. H.)

Cure the Moleskins by first soaking them in water and work them about to separate all impurities, then scrape off any skin, etc., with a blunt knife. Hang up in a close warm room to putrefy. This loosens the flesh, which can be easily removed with a sharp knife. Then steep the skins in milk of lime, and let them remain in it for four weeks. When taken out smooth the fleshy side with a sharp knife—and place them in a bath of bran and water, in a state of fermentation for three days. Each skin is then put on a wooden board, spread out and covered with water containing one ounce of honey to a pint of water. When the skin has absorbed the liquid, immerse it in very strong brine for a short time. Afterwards dry, and finish by working soft with the hands. These directions were kindly given to me some years ago by a gentleman who had cured many of these beautiful little skins. (Reply to DARTMEET.)

It is a popular idea that considerable experience is necessary to boil a potato well. Be this as it may, it is certain that there are housewives who, day after day, serve up the potatoes boiled.

EGGS
BOILED,
POACHED,
AND
SCRAMBLED.

Management of this kind is on a par with that which gives eggs boiled, poached, or scrambled morning after morning. If you had no wider range of experience before, there is no reason now for these limitations. With this week's HOME NOTES (dated April 7th) a sixteen-page booklet is given away, containing hundreds of recipes for egg cookery. Nothing extra will be charged for this booklet. All you have to do to procure it is to obtain this week's HOME NOTES.

1900. JAN.	FEBRUARY.	MARCH.	APRIL.	MAY.	JUNE.	JULY.	AUGUST.
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To Cleanse a Scent Spray, fill the vessel with tepid water, and pass it through the spray as you would scent, till all trace of the old scent is eradicated. (Reply to GOOSEBERRY.)

Black Marks on Brown Leather Boots may be erased, I have found, by rubbing with a flannel dipped into methylated spirit. (Reply to TANNER.)

For the Daily Bath a tablespoonful of this liquid will be found a great addition. Put two ounces of sea salt, a dessert-spoonful of camphor, and the same of ammonia into a pint bottle. Fill up with hot water and stand for forty-eight hours before using.

Plain Biscuits for cheese are made by mixing a pound of fine flour and a teaspoonful of salt into a very stiff dough, with a yolk of an egg and a little milk, a teaspoonful of salt having been mixed into the flour beforehand. Roll the whole out very thin, cut into rounds, prick with a fork and bake till crisp.

To Remove Rust from Steel. I give you a very simple but efficacious recipe; let a plentiful supply of "elbow grease" be added. Rub plenty of oil on to the steel goods and leave for two or three days, then polish with finely-powdered unslacked lime till all the rust disappears. (Reply to A. M. C.)

Hot Cross Buns. Mix two pounds and a half of very dry flour with half a pound of caster sugar, and two teaspoonfuls of mixed spice or ground cinnamon. Melt half a pound of butter in half a pint of milk; when cool add three tablespoonfuls of yeast. Add this to the flour, and make all into a smooth paste. Form into buns, brush over with milk, mark with a cross, and bake in a quick oven for twenty minutes.

A Marmalade Pudding, which is thoroughly good and dainty, is made as follows: Two eggs, the weight of them in flour and sugar, the weight of one in butter, two tablespoonfuls of marmalade, and half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda. Cream the butter and sugar together, and gradually add the other ingredients. Place in a greased mould, and steam for two hours. Turn out to serve, and pour some dissolved marmalade over. (Reply to J. MUIR.)

To Stain a Floor. First procure an ounce of permanganate of potash and pour on it nearly a quart of boiling water. When dissolved and still hot, paint it evenly on to the boards, using a wide brush. Next make some thin size with powdered glue and boiling water, and when the boards are dry, put on a very thin coat of it. Afterwards polish with beeswax and turpentine in the ordinary way, and after a few applications of turpentine and beeswax, the surface should be very good. (Reply to RIVERSIDE.)

Potato Soufflé. Potatoes at this time of the year are not so good as they have been, and are apt to look poor when plainly boiled. Try a potato soufflé. Pass one pound and a quarter of potatoes through a sieve, melt a small piece of butter in a gill of milk, season with salt and pepper and a suspicion of mace; add the yolks of two thoroughly beaten eggs, and then the potato. Beat all lightly together. Just before placing in the oven, add the stiffly beaten whites of egg. Bake in a pie-dish quickly for a quarter of an hour. Serve immediately.

Beef Mince-meat Pudding. Mince some beef, season it with herbs and a little onion, dredge thickly with flour, and moisten with a little gravy. Roll some suet crust out very thin, and with it line a basin, place a thick layer of the meat at the bottom, and then a layer of pastry, and so on till the basin is full; cover neatly, as you would a steak pudding. Boil gently for two hours and a half, turn out to serve, and pour gravy round. This makes an excellent dinner for children, and uses up the remains of an unsightly joint.

To Clarify Stock. Place about two quarts of stock in a stew-pan and set it on the stove. Skim it thoroughly while boiling, and have ready two whites of eggs separated carefully from the yolks. Whisk these up thoroughly in half a pint of the boiling stock, beat well in, then whisk the boiling stock, pouring the whites in while stirring, and whisk until it is nearly boiling again. Remove from the fire and let the soup stand till the whites separate themselves, then pass through a tammy or thick cloth, into a basin. For making clear soup the following rules should be remembered: That all clear soups ought not to be too strong of meat and should be straw colour, and that all thick soups should be thin enough to pour easily, with just enough consistency to adhere lightly to a spoon when perfectly hot. (Reply to YOUNG COOK.)

HINTS TO SMALL INVESTORS.

Under this heading we reply to letters upon subjects connected with the investment of money. Careful consideration is given to every question submitted to us. Letters to be answered in the next possible issue must reach us not later than the first post on Tuesday morning and be addressed to the Investment Editor, "Pearson's Weekly," Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

THE Provident Association of London seems to have many rivals in the field, and the more energetic among them are just as unsatisfactory for small investors as Baron Profumo's institution itself. Readers of *Pearson's Weekly* have been recently flooded with literature circulated by the National Benefit Trust, another institution which depends on the bond system. An alluring pamphlet is published containing the picture of an appetising little house surrounded by an ideal garden and beneath this is published the letter of a delighted bondholder whose bond had been drawn after six months' membership. Were this not a very exceptional case the letter would not be published.

The fact of the matter is that, as in the case of the Provident Association of London, bondholders in the majority of cases stop their payments out of pure weariness. Year after year they send their savings, but whilst many are called at their own expense very few are chosen. Needless to say that those who resign their bonds merely play the game of the proprietors of these institutions. There is very little that can be styled either "Provident" or "Benefit" about the systems. Nor is the Free Home Insurance Corporation, in which many readers are interested, much more satisfactory.

SMALL investors who are anxious for a good return on their money with good security may well turn their attention to Canadian Pacific Railway Ordinary shares. Though the dividend is 5 per cent., the price is below par, and at time of writing represents a yield of 23 5s. 3d. As regards security, it is worth pointing out that the Company now earns 8 per cent. on its Ordinary capital, and for the current year will, in the opinion of experts, earn considerably more.

The latest news from the Mysore property bears out what was said in some recent remarks on the Indian Mining shares in this column. That the property has a good forty years' life at least, and that one already in sight justifies a belief in the present yield of 12 per cent. on the shares at 51, is beyond doubt. He is a wise man who buys Mysore Gold Mining Company shares whilst they are cheap.

Among Westralian Mining shares that are going to rise during the summer are Cosmopolitans. The Company has been doing well and it is a fact that those in the "know" kept much information back in order that they might be able to secure the shares cheap.

SUPPLEMENTING recent comments on Electric Lighting Companies, it is well to point to the ordinary shares of the Charing Cross and Strand Electricity Supply Corporation. At present market price investors are pretty sure to get a return of 5 per cent. on their money, and even the Preference yield 3 1/2 per cent.

In these days, when every other man and woman you meet has something locked up in joint stock enterprise, it seems rather absurd to explain a few Stock Exchange terms. But the fact remains that our correspondence persuades us that a few explanations will enlighten many readers on some important point. The word "contango," which is a mystery to many, merely refers to charges made by a broker on his client, and by a jobber on a broker for carrying over stocks or shares from one account to the next at his own risk. Ticket-day is a day of the settlement devoted to the "tracing" of the original "seller," or as he is termed "deliverer" of stock to the final purchaser. For this purpose the last named draws out the name of the stock on a piece of paper, on the back of which he inscribes the name of the party from whom he bought, who in his turn writes the name of him from whom he purchased, and thus the name is passed on.

PERSONAL ADVICE TO INVESTORS.

M. D.—The shares are not quoted on the London Stock Exchange.
K. McC.—Golden Arrows are very speculative. As regards Great Northern and City & A. Preferred shares, it depends on the price at which they are offered.
W. H.—Do not buy Associated Finance shares.
J. H.—Norwich.—Better hold your African shares, and the other shares.
J. H.—Aurora West will probably see a rise after the war. The shares are, however, of a speculative nature.
J. M.—Chartwell, Hendersons, and other South African shares should be held. Sweetwater Automatic shares should be bought.
D. E.—You can do better than copper shares.
E. B.—We cannot say.—Thos. P. has made a fair selection.
J. H.—McDonald's Gold Mine is in Australia. It is speculative.
C. W.—We have sent as desired.
W. H. P.—We certainly do not recommend the Charing Cross Bank.
H. N.—We do not approve the National Benefit Trust.
W. B.—You can buy Russian Oil.
V. M.—Do not take a bond in Provident Association of London.
A. B.—No.
A. B.—Otto's Kope Diamond shares are not recommended as an investment.
B. G.—We do not recommend Wall Papers.
F. F. H.—Commercial Bank of India is safe enough.
West Australia.—We think Thwaites's Brewery shares a fair speculation, but the reserve fund at present is not sufficient. The mining shares are very speculative.
W. J.—You had better keep your Gibb's and Ford for the present.
"Jaycee."—Try Russian Petroleum shares of Borvik.
L. M. F.—We do not approve of the Provident Association of London.
L. M. F.—The Bank will give a receipt for the money, and a cheque book if asked for. When cheques have passed a "pass book" will be rendered when requested.
C. C., of Pontypool.—Cannot send you what you want unless you send name and address, which will be treated in confidence.

POSTAL RATES.

Name of Publication.	One Year	Half Year	3 Months
Pearson's Weekly	8 8	4 4	3 3
Home Notes	8 8	4 4	3 3
Short Stories	6 6	3 3	2 2
The Sunday Reader	8 8	4 4	3 3
M. A. P.	6 6	3 3	2 2
Illustrated War News	6 6	3 3	2 2
Pearson's Magazine	9 9	4 4	3 3
Royal Magazine	6 6	3 3	2 2
Dreammaking at Home	6 6	3 3	2 2
Home Cookery	4 4	2 2	1 1

War Pictures, 24d. per copy, post free.

ALL POST FREE.

Have to Hide the Bottle.

"If not, the Children would take it all at one dose, they like it so well."



BEATRICE JENNINGS.
(From a Photograph.)

There are many reasons why Scott's Emulsion is the best of all household remedies. In the first place, it is common in every household at one time or another for the health of some member of the family to decline. From any one of a hundred or a thousand causes the system becomes undermined. Then at the first exposure there is a cough or cold, or bronchitis, or some other ailment which needs prompt attention. Scott's Emulsion is the best known specific for coughs, colds, and bronchitis, and all other forms of inflammation of throat or lungs, but a specific is only a small part of its usefulness. To get down deeper into the cause of these local affections and treat the system as a whole is the best way to which Scott's Emulsion can be applied.

In writing about the general use of Scott's Emulsion for colds, a gentleman from Preston, Lancashire, says:

"33 Euston Street,
Preston, Lancashire,
May 3rd, 1899.

"Dear Sirs,—I cannot speak too highly of Scott's Emulsion; it has done my children more good for colds than anything they have ever taken. You may be well assured that Scott's Emulsion will be well recommended by us to friends and others. We have to hide the bottle; if not, the children would

take it all at one dose, they like it so well.

"Yours faithfully,
(Signed) "GEORGE JENNINGS."

In Mr. Jennings's letter we find another reference to the fondness of children for the taste of Scott's Emulsion. In fact, in the majority of letters which we have received from those who describe the benefits derived by their children from Scott's Emulsion there is a special reference to the avidity with which children take this preparation. This fact alone is most satisfactory, because as a rule children dislike taking medicine, but in reality it is of minor importance compared to the perfect form in which Scott's Emulsion offers cod-liver oil to digestion. Where the plain oil upsets the stomach and deranges digestion, Scott's Emulsion will have a favourable effect upon it. In fact this preparation stimulates the appetite, and by its ease of absorption it is quickly taken into the blood, where it is used to improve the condition of the whole system. Scott's Emulsion is a standard remedial agent endorsed by all physicians.

You can obtain a sample of Scott's Emulsion by sending threepence to cover postage to Scott and Bowne Limited, Manufacturing Chemists, 95 Great Suffolk Hill, London, E.C., and mentioning this paper. All chemists sell Scott's Emulsion.

The Chemist and Indigestion.



A person whose Digestion is weak becomes Dyspeptic, Nervous, and generally run-down. The reason is that ill-digestion means that the Body is ill-nourished, and suffers from what is known as mal-nutrition—the Nerves in particular.

This is why so many people—especially Women—are depressed, morbid, melancholy, irritable, and suffer so terribly from prolonged or intermittent Nervous attacks, facial agonies, Neuralgia, &c.

Those who have weak Digestion have urgent need of Guy's Tonic. Those who are Nervous and subject to Nerve Pains, Headache, Backache, Facial Attacks, also need Guy's Tonic. This Remedy first brings about good Appetite and Perfect Digestion, and thus promotes enjoyment of Food, preventing the appearance of unpleasant Symptoms after meals.

Guy's Tonic then exerts a Constitutional tonic power which is restorative of waning Nerve Strength by its stimulative action upon the Assimilative tissues of the Body, whose office it is to create Nourishment for the Nerves out of the Food you eat and should digest.

Declining Energy, waning Strength, loss of Nerve power, and a debilitated Digestion are thus all corrected by the use of Guy's Tonic, and a new lease of life seems as it were to be attained to give the patient healthy activity, natural enjoyment, and physical vigour.

Mrs. F. Thomason, of 27 Park Road, Folkestone, writes:

"I have derived wonderful Benefit from 'Guy's Tonic.' Everyone says I am looking better, and then I tell them what I am taking. They hardly believe that a 'simple Tonic' would make such a change in me, because I was simply starving 'through my Food not Digesting.'"

Testimony from a Medical Man.

"Milford, Co. Donegal.

"Gentlemen,—I enclose P.O., for 'which I request you to send me by post Four Bottles of Guy's Tonic. I have prescribed the Tonic to several people, who have derived much Benefit from it, but I may mention that all which I order myself is used 'by my Wife.—Yours faithfully,
"J. A. Osborne, M.D."

A new size (Six Ounce) Bottle of Guy's Tonic, price 1s. 1½d., is now on Sale at all Chemists and Stores.

Mr. J. Littleboy, Chemist, of Woking, says:

"Guy's Tonic is going very well and the demand is increasing. Since you introduced the smaller size our sale has doubled. It was only the other day a lady came in and spoke very highly of Guy's Tonic; it must be a 'good medicine or people would not say it was.'"

Mr. F. Wheeler, Chemist, of 129 High Street, Guildford, reports:

"Guy's Tonic is certainly going well, and there is one gentleman customer of ours who told me that he would 'not be without Guy's Tonic. His Symptoms were Loss of Appetite, etc.'"

Mr. C. Burgess, of the Borough Stores, Godalming, states:

"Guy's Tonic is going as well as any other patent here. There is one thing I have noticed about your Tonic, it 'seems to be a superior medicine to other patents.'"

The Drug Stores, Battersea Park Road, S.W.:

"We have had a good sale of Guy's Tonic, and I hear some very favourable reports about it from my customers."

Chapman's Stores, High Road, Balham, S.W.:

"We are at present selling more 'Guy's Tonic' than any other medicine."

Mr. Freke, Chemist, 378 Cold Harbour Lane, Brixton, S.W., says:

"Personally I think well of Guy's Tonic, and the sale is certainly satisfactory."

The Manager of Parke's Drug Stores, Electric Avenue, Brixton, says:

"The sale of Guy's Tonic has been so great that it has been a case of 'almost nothing but Guy's.'"

The Manager of Orridge's Surrey Drug Co. Ltd., Guildford, states:

"This month the sale of Guy's Tonic with us has increased. Doctors have recommended your Tonic in town. When I was in the Civil Service Stores we used to sell it through Doctors recommending it."

£20

Hardware Filled up.
Estimates Free.
Tobaccoists commencing.
See Illustrated Guide (28 pages), 3d. How to Open a Cigar Store, 42s to 45s.
TOBACCONISTS' OUTFITTING CO., 124, Euston Road, London.
The Largest and Original House.
(30 years reputation.)
Manager: H. MYERS.

TOO
STOUT.

I was for years; by chance I came across a simple home remedy that reduced me from 17st. to 10st. 12lbs., and I will willingly send particulars free to any sufferer enclosing stamp.—Mrs. T. K. FELL, 195 Oxford Street, London, W.

THE APPLE SCOOP

is a clever invention for extracting the inside and all that is good of an apple, and leaving the useless. Made in Best Nickel Plate to carry in pocket. Will tear any amount of pressure, being secured with a pivot in a slot. Price 1/7 post free of CLEMENTS, Patentee, 49 VICTORIA RD., SPRINGBOURNE, BOURNEMOUTH.

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For Drying Plates, Cups, Saucers, Glasses, &c., in a few seconds.
NO HOUSE COMPLETE WITHOUT ONE.
8s. to any address, post free, 3s. 6d.
THE PATENT FOLDING HAMMOCK CO., Hinchley Wood, Hinchley Street, BIRMINGHAM.
AGENTS WANTED. Wholesale Terms on application.

As a safe, Permanent, and Warranted Cure for Blotches, Spots, Pimples, Sores of all kinds, Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Bad Legs, and all Skin and Blood Diseases, we can with confidence recommend

Clarke's Blood Mixture

It is certainly the finest Blood Purifier that science and medical skill have brought to light, and therefore is a real specific for Rheumatism and Gout. It has stood the test for 30 years, and the thousands of wonderful cures effected by it have stamped it as one of the most extraordinary medicines of modern times. Sold by chemists, &c., throughout the world, at 2s. 6d. per bottle. Beware of worthless imitations and substitutes.

SULPHOLINE LOTION,

For clearing the Skin from Spots, Blemishes, Redness, Roughness, giving a Beautiful Complexion and pleasing appearance.

SHILLING BOTTLES.

CIGARES DE JOY
(The Most Celebrated of Joy's Cigarettes).
Immediately Believe

ASTHMA
WHEEZING
CHRONIC BRONCHITIS.

Box of 35, 2/6 Post Free from WILCOX & CO. 61, Market Street, London, W. or of all Chemists and Druggists.

YOURS TO HAND.

A gold-plated pencil-case will be awarded to each person whose letter is dealt with on this page.

THE nickname "John Bull," to indicate the Englishman, originated about the beginning of the eighteenth century, but there is a divergence of opinion concerning the author, some attributing the term to Dean Swift and others to John Arbuthnot. Arbuthnot published a satire under that title in 1712. It represents the Englishman as a bluff, kind-hearted, bull-headed farmer. A writer is influenced in his choice of types by the circumstances surrounding him or by some incident or condition that has appealed to him very strongly, and it is to be presumed that it was something of this kind which induced the originator of the nickname to choose as the typical Englishman a representative of the sturdy yeoman class of former times. The conditions are now much altered, but even our up-to-date artists still cling to the old figure. This is in reply to a question from E. G. H.

G. D. R.—There are no windows in the outer wall of the Bank of England. Light is obtained from the quadrangle and roofs. The appearance of the Bank as you ride past it is more that of a prison than a place of business.

LAST week I printed on this page a paragraph in which I stated my intention of energetically taking up the matter of the organisation of rifle clubs in all parts of the United Kingdom, and in which I invited suggestions and invoked the aid of all who could in any way assist in the formation of such clubs. There is no reason whatever why rifle shooting should not become as much a national pastime as was archery in olden days; and just as the archers of this country were distinguished above all others for their marksmanship, so can the young men of the present day make themselves renowned for their marksmanship with the modern military rifle. That there are difficulties in the way of forming rifle clubs I am well aware, but if the young men of this country combine in a patriotic effort to establish a civilian army, they can overcome all obstacles. One great difficulty is that of ranges; public pressure brought to bear on the War Office would effect much in this direction, but even if we have to do without the aid of the Department, I am convinced that patriotic landowners and gentlemen of means will help us to remove this obstacle. This issue goes to press before I have had time to receive letters in answer to my appeal of last week, but I would once more invite the aid of my readers in furnishing me with suggestions, and with the names of those who would be likely to assist in the work of organisation if the matter were brought directly to their notice. All communications should be addressed to The Secretary, Rifle Club Department, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

L. W. O. sends me the following excellent suggestion in connection with the new Civilian Service and the establishment of rifle clubs: "The Tower Subway, no longer used as such on account of the erection of the Tower Bridge, would make a capital underground range, being very long and yet so near the City. I venture to think that very little money would be required to put it into working order for shooting."—And I venture to think that the Corporation of the City of London would promptly subscribe the necessary capital for fitting up the subway for the desired purpose. The City has shown its patriotism in the present crisis in such splendid fashion that I am sure there will be no hesitation in spending the sum needed.

RESULT OF "VILLAGE" COMPETITION.

THE six pencil-cases offered in connection with this competition have been awarded to the following:

R. Best McBride, 1 Gordon Road, Cardiff; James Chapman, Hunslet Hall Road, Leeds; Miss Margaret Harley, Tolka Lodge, Richmond Road, Dublin; Thomas Slater, Winder, Frizington, Cumberland; E. J. Cooke, 38 City Road, Lakenham, Norwich; T. Davis, 61 Walsall Street, Willehall, near Walthamstow.

RESULT OF FOOTBALL COMPETITION NO. 29.

NONE of the competitors were absolutely right, and the consolation gifts have consequently been divided amongst the following competitors:

Herbert Charles Leigh, 9 Morton Street, Russell Town, Bristol.
T. Meader, 12 Somers Street, Southsea, Portsmouth.
H. Mason, 8 Sandon Street, New Bedford, Nottingham.
C. F. Gowers, Sheldwich, Faversham, Kent.
G. Evans, 38 Tate Road, Silvertown, E.
John Mason, 137 Ball Hays Road, Leek, Staffs.
Mrs. William Vutch, 13 St. Leonard Street, Bedford.
Harold Evans, 21 Kerry Road, Newtown, N. Wales.
A. C. Orchard, 88 Barkworth Road, South Bermondsey.
J. Legge, 41 Wote Street, Basingstoke, Hants.
Joe Winterhoff, 100 Albert Road, Walthamstow.
Robert Shields, Front Street, Mossend, West Calder, N.B.
F. Brook, 2 Winckley Street, Preston.
Joseph Fox, 41 Petteril Street, Carlisle.
Henry Feegan, 5 Arbour Street, Hanley.
George Watson, 91 Scotland Road, Perth.
Charles Pickers, Catmose Gardens, Oakham, Rutland.
J. E. Randall, Barby Bank, Selby.
George Flint, 30 Bower Street, Bedford.
S. H. Rose, 39 Liverpool Road, Stamford Hill, N.
John Burt, 5 Strand Road, Bootle, Liverpool.
E. Morris, 35 Greenwood Road, St. James's, Northampton.
William Ingram, 123 Radnor Street, Hulme, Manchester.
W. Pink, County and Station Hotel, Carlisle.

F. A. P. is kind enough to send me along a copy of a tri-weekly paper, which has recently started publication in Madras. The price is one pie—the value of a pie is a twelfth part of a penny—and I believe it is the only paper in India published at this price. To the average Englishman, like myself, the contents are not wildly exciting, being printed entirely in Tamil. But the enterprise of the proprietors is unquestionable.

MR. J. GARDNER, of Preston, has sent me particulars of the record established by a boy and girl attending the Croft Street Day School in that town. The two pupils are Emma Fowler and Harry Hodson, who for nine consecutive years have never once been absent or late; while the list of other children who have attended regularly without a break for from three to eight years is most remarkable. I never thought there were so many good children in England. If there happen to be any who can beat this record, I shall be pleased to send the best of them a stereoscope, or a penknife, or a pencil-case, whichever they choose. Attempts should be certified by responsible teachers, and should be sent on the back of a postcard addressed to the "GOOD EDITOR."

W. E. H. has seen an inscription on a brass plate which has puzzled him considerably; it was "Mr. A. Blank, Ship's Husband." "Although aware that ships were called *she*," he writes, "I did not know they took to themselves a husband or that it was necessary to publish the same."—Ships do not take husbands unto themselves; it is the other way about in this case, for the husbands take to the ships. A ship's husband is the owner's agent in the management of a vessel, and is often himself one of the owners. His duties are to keep the vessel in repair and insure her seaworthiness, to see her properly manned, to attend to her freightage and especially to her provisioning, to look after her papers, and in general to see her properly and efficiently equipped. In short, he takes care of a ship just as a husband should take care of his wife; and the simile may be carried a little further by mentioning that "she" is apt at times to become unmanageable.

H. S. sends me in a good suggestion in regard to the Patriot Fund for the relief of the wounded and widows and orphans of our army employed in South Africa. He says: "I would suggest that the Government issue a special one penny stamp to be affixed quite voluntarily to letters, in addition to the usual rate of postage, for a period of three months, say from April 1st. This system of collection would reach all classes, and would, I think, be popular among patriots of all shades of opinion, and could be carried out inexpensively."

"I WAS married nearly a year ago," writes A. W. B., "and inclose a piece of the tie I wore at the wedding. I have just discovered that the pattern on it represents I and H., which were my wife's initials. I did not select the tie myself; it was sent to me by post in the ordinary course of business. Has any other reader of *Pearson's* found his bride's initials worked on his garments?"—This is a curious coincidence, but probably some of my readers can equal it.

S. G. wishes to know if Parliament has ever met on Sunday. Yes; the Houses of Parliament have held Sunday sittings on fifteen occasions, exclusive of sittings begun on Saturday and carried on into Sunday. The first occasion of this kind took place in 1344, and the last was on May 4th, 1856, on which date the Houses met merely for the purpose of attending Divine Service at Westminster Abbey and St. Margaret's. Some of the sittings were for the transaction of business, while others were for religious observances.

OCEANIC asks how it is that we never read of Napoleon II.—He was the son of Napoleon I. and Marie Louisa. At his birth he was created King of Rome, and on his father's abdication an attempt was made to proclaim him Emperor, but it was soon abandoned. He was brought up at the Court of his grandfather, Francis of Austria. He died at the age of twenty-one. His memory is cherished by the Bonaparte party under the style of Napoleon II.

"I HAVE often been vexed by the fact that some of my friends have observed more of the features of a given spot which we have visited together, or of the contents of a room, than I have," writes SLOW. "I am told that this is because I am less observant than they. Can I do anything to remedy this slowness of perception?"—The faculty of observation is an extremely useful one, and much may be done to develop it. Some people reach a higher degree than others because they are naturally more gifted in that respect, but it is possible to sharpen the perception to a degree that would seem incredible were it not proved by evidence. There are several good methods of training, and you might try with the following. Practise walking past a shop window at an ordinary rate and taking note of what you see there; then go back to the window and take a good look at the things displayed, and see how many you have missed. Get someone to put a number of articles on a table, covering them with a newspaper: take your stand at the table and ask your friend to raise and immediately drop the cover, your task being to observe as many of the articles as possible. Or your friend may place a

few small things in his hand, which he opens for an instant and then closes again; he then changes some of the articles, and when he opens his hand once more you must endeavour to discover the changes he has made. Many other tests will occur to you on reflection. This habit of rapid perception of details is one which all parents should inculcate in their children. When you take them for a walk you should point out the shapes of objects or the leaves of trees, and tell them that when they reach home you will expect them to describe these objects. Or you may take them into a room and out again, and then ask them to tell you what they saw in that room, rewarding them for their alertness as occasion requires. This power of observation will be of the greatest importance to them in after life.

L. T.—The general opinion is that the greatest distance at which thunder can be heard is fifteen miles, although some scientists assert that it is possible to hear the detonation twenty-five miles off. Lightning, according to some authorities, is reflected to a distance of a hundred and fifty miles.

"Is there such a thing as a four-footed bird?" queries AVIS.—There is a bird to be found on the Marajo Island in the lower Amazons which has four feet when hatched. This bird is known as the *Opisthocornis Cristatus*—that is the sort of name which has to be taken in small doses. It retains its two extra feet for a few days only and then sheds them. This creature must be a remainder of one of those strange species which existed in remote ages, and one reason advanced for its not becoming extinct is that its flesh gives forth an evil odour, and is therefore not fit for human food.

"WHAT is the size of a molecule?" is a question which P. H. asks me to answer for him.—According to the calculations of Baron Kelvin, one of the greatest of our mathematicians, the distance between the centres of contiguous molecules is less than one five-millionth and greater than one billionth of a centimetre. The centimetre is rather more than the hundredth part of a yard. Figure that out for yourself.

OUR WEEKLY WORRY.—When the sun begins to shine and the birds begin to sing, you are probably accustomed to look out for this appeal every seventh day, and just because that time has arrived, I hope that you will not ignore it. There have been many calls on your purse during the past few months on behalf of our soldiers' widows and orphans. But experience has led me to believe this will not affect your feelings towards the Fresh Air Fund. I remember in Jubilee year I never thought that we should get half as much money for the little ones as we had got the previous season; but I must admit candidly that I was mistaken, and agreeably so. P.W. readers have a reputation for generosity far and away above the readers of any other paper, and the Fresh Air Fund bears witness to this fact. I hate cadging for money; but you know exactly for what purpose this money is required. Possibly you will think that unless you can send along a good substantial sum it isn't worth while sending in anything at all. There you make a grave error. Ever since the F.A.F. started the bulk of the subscriptions have been small ones, and it is the old story of little drops of water making a mighty ocean. At the same time we don't object to big drops; in fact, we would welcome a heavy shower, so that if you feel your pocket sufficiently well lined just at the moment to justify your making out a cheque for, let us say, £8 2s. (and thereby pay the whole expenses of 200 children, including adults to look after them), don't hesitate to do it—before the feeling goes off.

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Cadbury Bros., £5; P. Anhalt (Hainichen), 3s. 2d.; A. T. Weller-Major, £1; R. Scroka, 6d.; A. Beech, 1s.; H. H. Price, £2 2s.; E. V. A., 2d. 4s.; W. A. Cox, 5s.; Pat, 1s. 4d.; J. Horricks, £1 1s.; F. J. H., £1; Y. Grey, 1s.; P. J. Vinter, £2 2s.; A. G. Applebee, 6d.; G. Pettigrew, H.M.S. Jescm, 1s.; J. W. K., 2s. 6d.; H. B. Leatham, £1; Geo. Forbes, 1s. 1d.

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The original letter can be seen at any time at the offices of our Advertising Agents, Messrs. H. Dawson & Co., 34 Norfolk Street, Strand, London, W.C.

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We will tell you how to get a

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WE WILL PRESENT, free of any extra charge what-
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THE HAPPY HOME PARCEL. 1 pair
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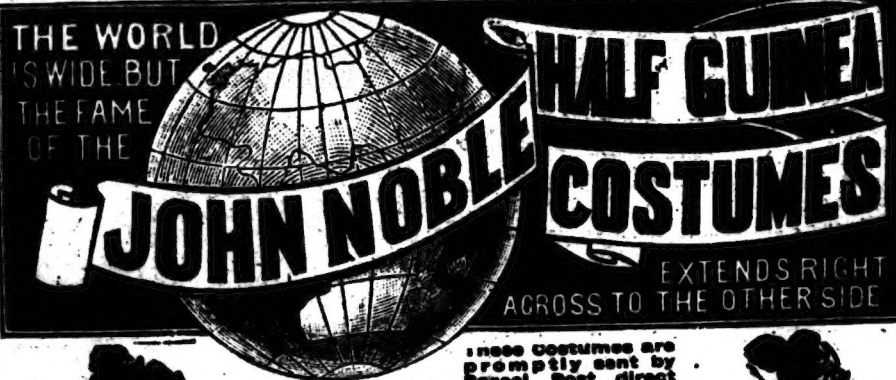
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9ft., 384/-; 74ft. by 9ft., 389/-; 75ft. by 9ft., 394/-; 76ft. by
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9ft., 564/-; 110ft. by 9ft., 569/-; 111ft. by 9ft., 574/-; 112ft. by
9ft., 579/-; 113ft. by 9ft., 584/-; 114ft. by 9ft., 589/-; 115ft. by
9ft., 594/-; 116ft. by 9ft., 599/-; 117ft. by 9ft., 604/-; 118ft. by
9ft., 609/-; 119ft. by 9ft., 614/-; 120ft. by 9ft., 619/-; 121ft. by
9ft., 624/-; 122ft. by 9ft., 629/-; 123ft. by 9ft., 634/-; 124ft. by
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9ft., 654/-; 128ft. by 9ft., 659/-; 129ft. by 9ft., 664/-; 130ft. by
9ft., 669/-; 131ft. by 9ft., 674/-; 132ft. by 9ft., 679/-; 133ft. by
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9ft., 699/-; 137ft. by 9ft., 704/-; 138ft. by 9ft., 709/-; 139ft. by
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8 ft. by 11 ft.	5/11	9 ft. by 11 ft.	6/0	10 ft. by 11 ft.	6/6
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